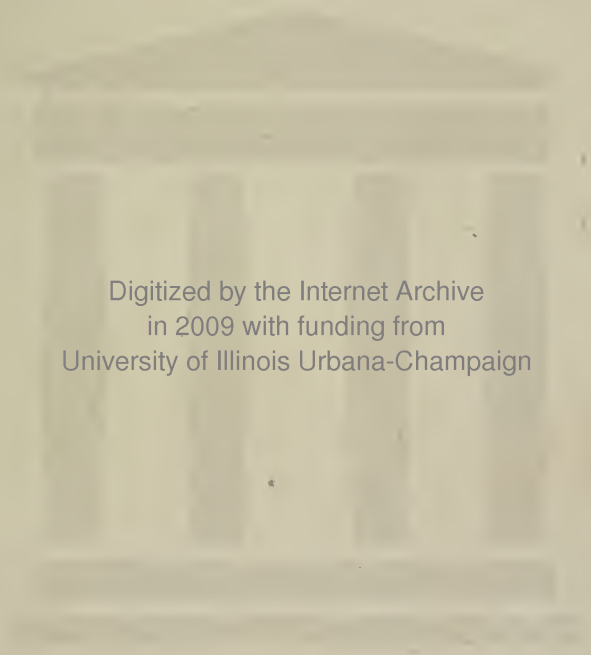


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*L E G E N D S*

OF THE

J A C O B I T E   W A R S.



*L E G E N D S*  
OF THE  
JACOBITE WARS:

~~~~~  
"KATHARINE FAIRFAX." — "ISMA O'NEIL."  
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BY  
THOMASINE MAUNSELL.

"When civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out, they knew not why;  
When hard words, jealousies, and fears  
Set folk together by the ears."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.  
1873.

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# KATHARINE FAIRFAX.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ We love  
The King who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
And reigns content within them.”

SERVICE was just over in the Cathedral of Londonderry, one Sunday evening near the close of the memorable year 1688. Crowds were streaming out of its doors, and winding away down the hill into the town. Excitement and anxiety might be seen on most of the faces of the men, as they talked eagerly to one another ; others looked strangely unused to the place, and silently went on their way in separate little groups. News in those days travelled slowly ; but ill-tidings, as ever, had the swiftest messengers, and startling rumours had been spreading through the country, which drove the people from far and near to take refuge

behind the rough ramparts of the hospitable old city. William of Orange had landed in England. James's friends in Ireland were arming in hot haste, and in all directions reports were heard of pikes and other rude weapons being prepared by the peasantry willing to assist his cause. At last news came to the anxious citizens of Derry that the Earl of Antrim, with a numerous swarm of Scotch Highlanders and native Irish, had received orders to occupy their city.

Thus it happened that the Cathedral was so wondrously full this Sunday evening, and that the Bishop, Ezekiel Hopkins, had had such an unusually large congregation. His sermon, however, had not altogether pleased some of his hearers, for Ezekiel adhered resolutely to the doctrine of non-resistance ; and "Touch not the Lord's Anointed" had been his theme this evening, as it had been many times before.

"An' if yon's the doctrine ye're agoing by, boys, you may as well give in at once. That's what will sell the city of Derry into

the hands of the tyrant ; ay, an' your own souls into the bargain."

"Hold your peace, Sandy ; you know right well that's none of our doctrine, yon man's preaching. He would put King Jamie in the place of God an' our consciences. That's not what I stand by ; nor scarce a man in Derry, either, I tell ye."

"Speak for yourself, Master Mackinnon. You have mighty fine opinions of your own ; but do you think the likes o' you have more knowledge in such matters than my lord the Bishop himself?"

"Bishop or no bishop, Jim Martin, I'm a man ; an' I hold to have as good a right to have my own opinions as any other man ; an' I take it that right is right for a king as well as a cobbler ; an' when a king that's set up to govern don't govern, but goes to take our liberty an' our religion from us, I say he's no' the king for us ; an' that's what I say."

"Wait, man, till the king's troops are at the gate, an' see what ye'll say then."

"The men of Derry are no cowards, as

ye ken well, Jim Martin; and we'll answer any man that comes to our gates in the way they deserve."

"An' what have ye heard about the troops, Master Martin?" said the first speaker, Sandy M'Elroy, a strong young man, in the flat cap and jerkin of an apprentice.

"Heard! and what is there to hear, but that they'll be here while you and Master Mackinnon are talking about your opinions, forsooth! an' so they will."

"Hurrah! an' let them come; an' a hearty, warm welcome we'll give them, won't we, Paddy, my man," said Sandy, vigorously slapping his friend Pat Mackinnon on the shoulder.

"Come along, man, an' let's hear what's the news on the walls."

Jim Martin did not follow, but, mingling with the crowd, disappeared.

Towards the walls the other two turned. They were companions in business and friends at heart; both stanch Protestants, and fair types of the men of Derry in those days.

The walls were of a very simple character, and, overgrown as they were with grass and weeds, they did not look as if they could claim the title of fortifications. Some curious old guns, which had been presented to the colony by their landlords, the wealthy Companies of London, were mounted on the bastions; and near one of these, which commanded a view of the ferry across the Foyle, Sandy M'Elroy and Pat Mackinnon joined a party who were on watch. Here we will leave them, while we return to the Cathedral door, where the worshippers are still pouring out.

Two young men stood in the porch, as if watching for some familiar faces. The eldest of the two was in a half-military dress; and his fair complexion and sandy curls bespoke his Scottish blood. He had a peculiarly open, frank face, with a bright smile, which told more plainly than words, that Duncan M'Pherson would be a pleasant companion in the field or at the fireside. His companion and cousin, Hugh Fairfax, had by no means so pleasant an expression:

his well-formed brows were drawn down in an almost habitual frown; and his firmly-closed lips gave an air of decision and sternness rare in so young a man.

"Here they are at last," said Duncan, advancing to meet two young girls coming out of the Cathedral, with their cloaks drawn closely round their heads. They greeted the young men with a pleased smile of recognition and surprise.

"You did not expect to see us here, Aileen," said Duncan. "Your aunt was alarmed at your being out alone, when the town is so full; so we came to meet you."

"Oh, thank you; but where have you come from? We thought you were both at Dunallagh."

"So we were: we came here this evening; every one is coming into town as fast as they can. But, come along, now; the service was long, and it is late."

So saying, he drew Miss Fairfax's arm within his own, and hurried on.

"Katharine, you must let me take care of you to-night," said her cousin Hugh, gravely.

“Yes; but where is Janet? Come, Janet,” she said to a young maid servant who followed them, “keep close to us.”

Silently they followed the others, who were soon in earnest conversation. Duncan, as Hugh’s cousin, had early become intimate with the Fairfax family, and had made good use of his time by captivating and winning the heart of Aileen Fairfax, the elder of Hugh’s two cousins, who, with their father and aunt, were citizens of Derry. Aileen was a gentle, quiet girl—too quiet, it was said, for Captain M’Pherson, who was full of buoyant spirits and energy—but she was in love, and he was in love; and, consequently, they suited each other to perfection.

“What is the great hurry into the town for to-night?” said Katharine, after an awkward pause. “Is there any fresh news?”

“There is no time to be lost. Antrim is coming on: the roads will soon be stopped.”

“What will the end of it all be, I wonder?” said the girl, trembling, and tightening her

hold of her companion's arm, which she had barely touched before.

"Are you frightened?" he said, in a more gentle tone than he had used before.

"I am ; it seems so hopeless ; and, you know, as you have said before, I am only a woman. I cannot help being afraid—when, perhaps, there is nothing to fear."

"When did I say that ? I don't remember."

"You said it one day when I refused to go in the boat with you."

"I remember very well, now ; but I did not say it that day because I thought you were afraid."

"No ; you thought my womanhood was to blame for something worse than cowardice, that day. You thought I was vain and frivolous ; and talking nonsense, to be admired. I know very well why you said so bitterly, 'Only a woman, after all.'"

Hugh's brow contracted painfully, and he said, sternly, "Misunderstood, as usual. Come, Janet," he continued, looking back, "you had better keep up with us."

## CHAPTER II.

“Then out spoke brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate :  
To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late ;  
And how can man die better  
Than, facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods ?”

WHEN William landed at Torbay, it must be remembered that Ireland was the chief stronghold of James. His policy had been to strengthen, by every means in his power, the Roman Catholic party in that country, and to unite them so closely in his interest that, should the English Protestants prove too strong for him, he should have Ireland open for a refuge for himself or his friends. The country was, therefore, divided against itself, perhaps more bitterly than ever. The mixed population of English and Irish, differing so widely in religion and interests,

had no feeling in common but that of mutual hatred. The Catholic party were, perhaps, the stronger of the two ; and James was to them, not alone their lawful sovereign, but the foundation of their power and the upholder of the true faith which they held in common with him. On their side, also, may be reckoned a sprinkling of Protestants, who, from a peculiarity of temperament or character, could not feel themselves justified in breaking the oath of allegiance which bound them to James as his obedient servants. They fought—reluctantly, perhaps, but still in good faith—for his cause, which their consciences would have them believe to be the path of duty. On the other hand, the Protestant party was composed of the English and Scotch settlers in the land. Until the present reign, all civil and military power had been in their hands : they were the freehold owners of lands, given them to reclaim and civilise as best they might. The shortsighted policy which separated them, by jealousy of race and creed, from their neighbours now produced its

natural fruit of mutual ill-will. James was to them the meanest of tyrants, and his followers the willing instruments of his tyranny—the usurpers of their hitherto undisputed power. Their religion was made the means of persecution—their liberty was in danger. To William alone they could look for help or sympathy. The county of Derry belonged almost exclusively to the wealthy Companies of London ; and their tenants, to whom they gave a freehold interest, naturally looked exclusively to an English and Protestant protection in the struggle which seemed to be imminent. As the tidings reached them now, from all sides, of wars and rumours of wars, they hastily fled to the city of Derry, behind whose walls, slight and inefficient as they were, they hoped to find shelter. Within those walls there were, unhappily, divided councils. The policy of the time had remodelled the city corporation, as it had endeavoured to remodel the whole government of Ireland, by putting in all positions of trust men of low standing and decided Jacobite proclivi-

ties. The magistrates of Derry could not be trusted by the people—neither by birth or character could they claim their confidence—and among all their number one only was of English blood, and his description, by a contemporary rhymester, as “a knave all o’er, for he had learned to tell his beads before,” told plainly enough what was thought of him. Such was the political crisis in the country, and such the special circumstances of Londonderry, on the memorable evening when our story opens.

The excitement in the town was raised next day to its utmost height by the news that Antrim’s troops were to be seen on the opposite shores of the Foyle.

Pat Mackinnon was busy among his master’s bales of cloth and woollen goods, when his friend Sandy rushed in breathless with the tidings, “They’ve come, man; they’ve come!”

“Come! an’ what’s to be done?”

“The Lord knows, Pat. But one thing, sure and certain, I know, just nothing will be done if we’re depending on yon city cor-

poration. There they are, as I came up the street, staring at one another; an' perhaps one mighty brave gentleman will say, 'Shut the gates!' an' another, equally brave, will say, 'Open them!' One says, 'Hold out!' the next says, 'Give in!' Pretty fellows they to have the command of our city."

"Listen to me, Sandy," said his companion, earnestly. "If that's the way they're going on it won't do; the thing must be stopped at once—now or never."

"An' who's to stop it, may I ask?"

"We must stop it—you an' I, Sandy, an' the other lads. Why shouldn't we shut the gates of our city and keep the ruffians out?"

At this moment a shout was heard, and several young apprentices, wild with excitement, joined our friends.

"They're at the gate, boys, with papers in their hands, calling for the surrender of our city."

"Now's the time, lads; listen!" said Pat, his strong frame trembling with excitement.

“We must do it; no one else will. Follow me to the guardroom; arm yourselves; the keys must be seized and the gates shut. Quick! follow me closely.”

A loud shout of assent was the only answer he received, and straightway they flew on their errand. It seemed but the work of a moment; the Ferry Gate was reached and shut in the very face of the King's officers, and the portcullis let down.

The vacillation and indecision of the moment were overcome; the whole city seemed instantaneously fired with one spirit of courage and enthusiasm: a voice from one of the citizens on the walls was heard warning the intruders to go back as they had come. It was now their turn to stand irresolute, dumbfounded by this unlooked-for reception; but their course was soon decided by the same voice from the walls directing, in a tone of command, “Bring a great gun this way.” The river was quickly crossed once more by the intruders, who rejoined their companions on the other side.

Meanwhile, no time was lost within the

city. The die was cast: resistance to the death was determined upon. The gates were speedily secured, sentinels posted round the walls, and the notes of warlike preparation resounded on every side. As the day passed on the citizens formed themselves into companies, in which, notwithstanding their hasty formation, strict order and discipline were the prominent features. The brave little band of apprentices, among whom were our friends Sandy and Pat, was placed in responsible posts. Duncan M'Pherson's military training was not allowed to lie dormant at this crisis: his energy and courage did good service in inspiring all around him. Nor was his cousin Hugh idle. He was one of the freeholders of the Worshipful Company of London Fishmongers, and held broad lands in the county from which his tenants had flocked into Derry, forming a stanch little company which recognised him as their leader.

Thus the winter months passed away, and the lengthening April days found the citizens strengthened and resolute for any emergency.

### CHAPTER III.

“One rogue is usher to another still.”

THE garrison, which had been suffered to dwindle into a handful of fighting men, was now raised to more than seven thousand armed citizens and soldiers, regimented and disciplined by the few officers whom Lord Mountjoy had left in the city, under command of Colonel Lundy, whom he had installed as governor, when he himself was called away by a *ruse* of Tyrconnell. The worst enemy of the gallant Derrymen at this time was one of their own household. Lundy, the governor, was at heart a traitor to the cause he was entrusted to guard, and, as time wore on, his true colours were soon discovered. It would seem that the first suspicion raised against him was the opposition which he showed towards Walker.

This zealous friend to the Protestant cause was Rector of the parish of Donaghmore, in the county of Tyrone. At the first rumour of the coming struggle he had raised a regiment in his own neighbourhood, and, receiving intelligence that the enemy was drawing near Derry, he hastened to offer his services for her defence. Governor Lundy choosing to turn a deaf ear to his warnings, Walker went his way from the town, and contented himself for some little time in harassing the enemy's troops scattered through the country. Ammunition failing, he was obliged to return to the city. The gates were shut against him, but he and his regiment, after passing a night outside the walls, gained admittance next morning, with some little difficulty. This circumstance was not unnoticed by the watchful citizens, and Lundy's faith was doubted on all sides. The events of the next few days served to confirm their suspicions. On the 17th of April news came to the city that King James's army was on the march towards Derry. Lundy, accordingly, called

a council, and thought fit to make members of it Colonel Cunningham and Colonel Richards, officers who had a couple of days previously arrived from England, in two ships which were now lying at anchor in Lough Foyle with a reinforcement of two regiments and other necessities for the relief of the town on board. These gentlemen, with others equally unacquainted with the condition of the city—Lundy having taken care to exclude from the council any of the citizens whose independence he feared—passed an order to the effect that the city being unable to hold out for more than a week or ten days, it was advisable to make no attempt to strengthen it by landing the regiments under the command of Colonel Cunningham; but that the principal officers in the town should privately withdraw themselves, and leave the inhabitants to make the best bargain they could with the enemy.

While all was thus despair among the friends of the King and Queen, and treacherous yet doubting expectation among the

Governor and his associates, on the evening of the 17th of April, as twilight was creeping over the city, bringing with it the silence and stillness of night—no sound heard but the steady pacing of the pickets along the walls, and now and then the tread of a watchful citizen or officer hurrying up or down the deserted streets—a man and woman stood under a deep archway in earnest conversation. The man was wrapped in a large cloak, which he carefully drew over his face; the girl was young and pretty, but pallid with manifest fear and anxiety.

“Jim,” she said, “what do you want with me? Tell me quickly.”

“Hush, Janet; speak lower; we must not be overheard. I am going to tell you a secret.”

“Oh, don’t! Jim; I will not be able to keep it.”

“Silly child that you are, Janet, I cannot go without telling you.”

“Go! Jim. Where are you going?”

“Listen, Janet. The game is up in the town. They may say what they like; but

the King will be before the city to-morrow, an' you will all be prisoners. There will be no mercy for any one. Hanging is easy work."

"Oh, Jim, it can't be true! Who told you this fearful tale?"

"Wait till you see, Janet; but I am not going to wait to be tied up. I can find my way out of the town to-night, an' I mean to go. Janet, there is no time to lose; will you come with me an' be safe, too?"

"Oh, Jim, my mother! I cannot leave her, nor the ladies, they have been so good to me; and, oh! Jim, is it right to leave the town to-night, and desert all our friends?"

"It's right to take care of one's self, lassie, an' to be true to one's King into the bargain; an' if you don't come along now, you mayn't get the chance again in a hurry. But you don't care for me, Jenny: I know you never did."

"Jim, you know I do; but can I trust you? You often never come near me for so long; and if I was to go away with you, and

you left me then, when I had no one else, what should I do ?”

“I know what will become of you, if you stay in the city, that’s all,” said Jim, gruffly; “you an’ your precious friends will be hung like dogs.”

“Oh, Jim! why do you say that? Miss Fairfax told me if we were all true the end would come right, and she knows all about it, for Captain M’Pherson tells her.”

“They’re a set of fools for their pains; but I can’t waste my time here. You won’t give up your friends for me, an’ its as well—you’d only be a burden. I’ve cleared my conscience by giving you a last chance.”

Janet’s answer was a smothered sob, and a sound of advancing footsteps sent Jim quickly skulking away in the opposite direction, while Janet disappeared through the door of the house behind her, and then, overcome with grief and fear, she sank on the stair sobbing violently.

“Janet, what is the matter? What are you doing here?” said a soft voice behind

her. It was that of her young mistress, Katharine Fairfax.

The poor girl's story was soon told to the sympathising ears of the young lady. Her lover was gone—she would, perhaps, never see him again—he was strange and mysterious, too, in his manner: she could not make him out or trust him as she used to do.

“But, oh! Mistress Katharine, I should not have told you. He said it was a secret.”

“It can't be helped, now, Janet. But I wonder how he can leave the city to-night. It is strange: there must be something wrong. I must go to Aileen. Jim was not good enough for you, Janet; I am very glad you were not tempted to trust him.”

Katharine found her sister in their little bedroom, and soon told her of Janet's grief.

“There must be something wrong; don't you think so, Aileen?”

“Why, Katie?”

“Because Jim spoke of leaving the town to-night; and you know Duncan said no

one was allowed either in or out after sunset."

"Well, what can we do?" said Aileen, who was never very easily roused to action.

"We must tell some one. If anything should happen to-night I would never forgive myself. I am sure it was more than accident that led to my hearing about Jim to-night. I never trusted him: he's not true. It's not quite dark yet; I'll put on my cloak and find out Duncan or Hugh."

"Indeed, Katie, I'm sure it's not right for you to go out at this hour. What will aunt say?"

"I don't care," said Katharine, impetuously. "There is no need to tell her; it would make her uneasy. I won't be long, and I feel that I ought to do something."

"Well, if you are determined to go, I will go with you."

"No, indeed, Aileen, you must not. I will go quicker by myself; and aunt or father might miss us if both were away."

“I don’t like you to go alone, Katie. Indeed, I wish you would not.”

“Never fear for me, Aileen, dear; I will be back in no time;” and, kissing her sister, she was gone.



## CHAPTER IV.

“I looked upon her with a soldier’s eye,  
That liked, but had a rougher trade in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love.”

It was darker in the lonely street than she had thought; but Katharine Fairfax was not easily daunted. On she went through the silent city; pausing only now and then, under the shelter of some doorway, to avoid meeting the soldiers who were going their rounds. The guardroom in the Diamond was soon reached, and her cousin Hugh found on duty.

“You here, Katie!” he said; “what is the matter?”

Jim’s words to Janet were repeated, and Hugh looked grave and startled.

“Come in here, Katharine, and sit down, till I see about it. You were right to come to me.”

Speaking a few words of explanation to the sergeant of the guard, Hugh rushed to the Ferry Gate: to his dismay it was open. Speedily it was secured; the other gates were examined, the guard doubled, and the pass-word changed.

Meanwhile, Katharine sat, wrapped in her cloak, in a corner of the guardroom where Hugh had left her. She was afraid to move, hearing voices and steps outside; and Hugh, too, had told her not to move till he came back. Accustomed to be obeyed, his manner was at all times decided; and Katharine, if the truth might be known, was afraid of him. He had an indefinable power over most people who came in contact with him; and this power Katharine felt, and would resist if she could. Thus arose the barrier between them. Their wills clashed too often; and the gentle word or look which would have softened Katharine was too often suppressed and put away, as weak and dangerous; for, with all the strength of his nature, he loved her, and despised himself at the same time for doing

so, when her apparent coldness made him feel that she did not return his love.

The moments seemed very long to Katharine. She longed to rush back to Aileen, who she knew would be anxiously watching for her return; for a minute she would wish she had never left home; and then Hugh's words would come back to her—"You did right to come." At last he came and related hastily what he had done.

"And now," said Katharine, "I must go back; Aileen will be frightened."

"I cannot let you go alone, and I must stay here myself; but I will send for Duncan—he was here a few minutes ago—he will see you safe home."

While they waited for Duncan, Hugh said earnestly—"Katie, I can never think a woman need be a coward again. You have shown yourself brave and wise to-night, at any rate."

"I am glad I came when it was of any use; and I am glad, too, that you say I was brave. I will not forget it."

“And you will forget if I said anything before to hurt you?”

“Indeed I will. I think I always provoke you to say disagreeable things to me. Good-night, cousin Hugh; we do not misunderstand each other to-night.”

“Good-night, and God bless you, Katie,” he said, in a low voice, as Duncan came in, and Katharine turned quickly away with him.

“Why will she say ‘Cousin Hugh,’” he muttered, when he found himself alone once more. “We shall never understand each other. She cares twice as much for Duncan as she does for me, whom she has known all her life; she is so merry, so bright with him and every one else but me.”

And Katharine, as he walked along with her intended brother-in-law, felt a sense of relief that it was with him, not with Hugh, she had to walk home. Hugh’s presence seemed to oppress her some way; she never felt as free and happy with him as she did with Duncan. To-night his tenderness and gentleness struck her, and his words of praise

sounded pleasantly again and again in her ears.

Aileen was anxiously waiting for her sister—the rest of the little household were in bed—and Duncan hurried back to the walls. It was an anxious night for all who had heard of the discovery; but the hours passed quietly by, daylight came at last, and with it the news that King James, at the head of his troops, was within four miles of the city.



## CHAPTER V.

“Hang forth the banner!

From the outer wall the cry is still ‘They come!’”

AT the first appearance of dawn, Hugh mounted to the flat roof of the Cathedral, where two large guns had been placed. As he looked anxiously around, a glorious landscape met his view. Immediately beneath, the little city lay upon the sides of the hill on whose summit the Cathedral stands, its narrow, steep streets already filled with the overflowing of the thirty thousand people who densely crowded the houses during the hours of rest, and scarcely found space for exercise within the small oblong square enclosed by the walls. To the north, the river wound along to Culmore Fort, and then stretched and widened into the Lough, its waters now glistening with the rising sun. On the east, the

wooded bank of Prehenn, separated from the bustling town by the swiftly-flowing Foyle, lay in calm repose strangely contrasting with the tumult within the walls. To the south-east, signs of anxious watchfulness were evident in the continual passing of officers and armed citizens through Bishop's gate, and in the steady attitude of expectation in which the strong guard of the ravelin lately constructed in front of the gate stood to their arms. It was evident that the approach of some great danger was expected from the high road which led in that direction along the upper Foyle to St. Johnstown. The morning mist was slowly rolling off the blue hills in the distance, and the familiar scene gradually disclosed itself to Hugh's eye. But it was not to the hills whose outline he knew so well he looked, nor to the silvery line of the river dancing and sparkling in the sun. An unexpected and a startling sight caught his wandering eye and invited his whole attention. Not many miles distant he could discern a dark mass of soldiery

moving swiftly along the road. King James's troops were coming. There was no mistake now: less than an hour would bring them to the very walls of Derry.

Hugh Fairfax was no coward, yet his heart sank within him as he looked down on the little city at his feet, and then again at what seemed the overwhelming force advancing. How could they withstand the coming foe, with their inefficient defences, deficient of ammunition and provisions to sustain a siege; and, above all, the words echoed in his mind, "Every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." Had he known that the body of troops which appeared in the distance so imposing were little better than an undisciplined rabble, and their commanders not more stable than the waters which ebbed and flowed beneath the city walls, he would not have regarded them with so much apprehension.

"Duncan, look out yonder," he said, as his cousin joined him.

"What's to be seen? Troops!" he ex-

claimed. "So they have come at last, and we are in for it. Well, Hugh, they will meet with braver hearts here than they expect."

"Yes, we are brave enough, it is true; but can we stand out against such a host? See! the horse are advancing pretty steadily; where have we the power to repel them? Mark my words, Duncan, there is a long struggle before us, and, situated as we are now, we have not much to look to."

"You do not doubt the people?"

"God forbid! The mass of them is true as steel; but who is there to lead them? The Governor is false to his very heart's core, and we do not know how deep his influence and power are working."

"Base traitor that he is!" echoed Duncan; "he has done his best to ruin us, and we know not what more he will do. I heard it rumoured as I came up that a council of war was to be held the first thing this morning."

"And what do they want with a council, the fact is plain enough before us now?"

The enemy has come—let every man stand to his gun. What more can a council tell them?”

“I would not put it past that traitor to propose a surrender.”

“A surrender! He had better not show his face within the town again, then, I’d advise him, if he utters that word,” said Hugh, fiercely. “Look,” he continued, “if that is not King James’s standard—to the right, coming round the curve of the road.”

Yes, there it was! proudly waving in the fresh morning breeze. But the wind that moved its folds blew also in the faces of the young men, as they stood on the Cathedral roof, and nerved them to an energy and courage sufficient for the day.

The bell of the Cathedral rang out for morning prayer, and they descended to join in it before the duties of the day began.

Never before had the words of the liturgy sounded to them so impressive, and many were the earnest voices which sent up the plea to Heaven—“There is none other that

fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God." Solemnly the minister repeated the words of the Psalmist—"Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this shall I be confident." "Citizens of Derry, and fellow soldiers in the Lord," he began, "can you echo the words of David? Is his God to be your God; his faith your faith? I see a host encamping round about our walls, shall I not also see that the spirit of David is strong within these walls? We have not sought this war, it hath risen up against us—against our religion, our liberty, and our homes; yet of one thing we may be confident—the Lord hath also raised up a deliverer for us. William of Orange and Mary of England are our King and Queen; they will not suffer us to perish; only be strong and very courageous. Let us dedicate ourselves this day—man, woman, and child—to the work before us, the preservation of our city. The strong amongst us will have active service—ay, and many a hardship

and danger to brave; while the weaker will have to endure, to wait, and to hope; and, brethren, we shall have to help one another in love and self-denial, and God, even our own God, will help every one of us. Only let us be true—true to Him, and true to one another——”

Ere he could proceed a tumultuous noise outside was heard, and a mob burst in with the cry, “To the Council Room, to the Council Room! They will betray us!”

Instantly a rush was made. But we must precede the crowd by a few minutes, and learn the cause of the panic.

Lundy and his friends having prepared a document treating of the surrender of the city, now produced it to receive the signatures of the citizens. “You are aware, gentlemen,” the Governor began, “that, with the able assistance of these distinguished officers of his Gracious Majesty King William, we have come to the conclusion that the city of Londonderry being unfit to sustain a siege it is expedient for individuals to consider their own safety,

and to go their own several ways as may appear to them best; while we, to whom the safety of this city and its inhabitants is dearer than life, will set ourselves to obtain from the enemy a favourable treaty, and, doubtless, redress of our grievances. It is therefore for this purpose—carefully considered, in the sole desire for the honour and safety of this our town—that we lay this instrument before you to be duly subscribed with your signatures.”

The Governor’s address was followed by a deep silence at the council board, broken only by murmurs from the citizens and apprentices who had forced their way into the chamber and were pressing upon the council. This muttering of discontent continued for a few minutes, when a stout, middle-aged man, dressed in the short cassock of an Episcopal clergyman, but with a crimson sash round his waist and a heavy sword suspended by a buff shoulder-belt from his side, pushed his way through the crowd of bystanders.

“Men and brethren,” he said, “is this

the loyalty of English Protestants, or is this the spirit of men whose faith is threatened by the sons of Belial crowding round our walls, and whose wives and children may be any moment at the mercy of the savage swordsmen who swarm in the wake of the Popish tyrant? For shame! Who talks of surrender, with the God of fenced cities for our leader, and Gospel truth the stake of the battle?"

"Master Walker," interrupted the Governor, "this is a matter for gentlemen of the sword, who know what belongs to the holding of a beleaguered town."

"We want no Mess Johns nor Tyrone men here," broke in Alderman Buchanan; "the question is, how can we hold out with empty magazines and overcrowded houses?"

"Down with the traitors!" the bystanders now boldly shouted out, and "Down with the traitors!" "Hang Lundy!" "Hang Buchanan!" was echoed in fierce cries from the crowd which filled the Diamond, and to whom the discussion in the

Council Chamber had been by this time communicated.

The Governor turned pale as ashes, and shrank back into his chair from the conflict he was ready a few minutes before to enter upon with the Rector of Donaghmore. The uproar outside grew louder, the agitation within the Chamber became more threatening, when the attention of all within and without the Town Hall was arrested by the sudden thud of a gun, fired as it seemed from above the place of the immediate tumult. Every one strove to rush to the windows, and in the confusion, Lundy, casting aside his plumed hat, and catching up the cloak of a town sergeant, slipped out through a side-door into an inner room, and escaped from the crowd thirsting for his blood.

## CHAPTER VI.

“The desolator desolate—  
The victor overthrown ;  
The arbiter of others’ fate  
A suppliant for his own.”

WHAT a change that day’s work had brought to Lundy ! In the town where he had been accustomed to command and to be obeyed he dared not show his face. Overwhelmed with abject fear, he concealed himself, trembling and panic-stricken. Every sound made him start. The roaring of the guns, which he had forbidden to be fired, told him that his reign was over—that the end for which he had planned and schemed would never come—that the city was lost to him and his friends for ever. With all his cunning he had overreached himself: his last card was played out. The surprise which he had planned to take place the night before had failed—how or wherefore

he knew not. Martin, among other conspirators, had left him the previous evening, with assurances to the enemy that all was in training for an easy entrance into the town; his friends had all vanished now, and he was alone among those whom he had made his deadliest enemies. At the present moment there was none to molest him, but in his inmost soul he felt that he could not escape their vengeance. The cessation of firing and the sound of approaching footsteps warned him that he must fly. Hastily he glanced round the room, looking for some place of safety. A small inner closet, the door of which was concealed in the panelling, might be a refuge for a time, and there he lay in mortal terror through the day. He heard voices constantly in the Council Chamber, and the mention of his own name made his blood run cold. At last he recognised the voice of a man whom he hated as a traitor hates an honest man—it was that of Captain Murray; and the quiet voice which answered him he knew to be that of the brave Walker.

"He cannot be far off," said Adam Murray; "he must be got out of the way; the people could not be trusted to look upon him in the mood they are now in."

"Wretched man," said his companion, "it is not for us to execute vengeance; his punishment will too surely visit him. If we could but find him now, and get him out of the town: inside he is still dangerous—we know not who may be in league with him."

As Walker spoke, the panel door creaked behind him, and disclosed the object of their consultation. The unexpected words of mercy they had spoken tempted him to leave his place of concealment. No reproach passed either of their lips; no explanation was asked or given. The conclusion that he could no longer remain in the town was silently accepted, and arrangements made for his escape. Murray summoned to his aid the faithful Sandy M'Elroy to help him in the difficulty.

"Sandy," he said, "we can trust you, I know; but can you trust yourself? Can

you control your strongest feelings and carry out an errand which may be against your desires?"

"Sir, I am a soldier in these days; I can obey."

The project was accordingly disclosed to him of getting rid of the obnoxious Governor. A disguise was to be obtained, and, under cover of the night, he was to be let down from the walls. The work was safely accomplished, and the town freed from its worst enemy.

In the meantime King James, with the evident expectation that the town would easily yield to his kingly presence, advanced with flying colours. The flashing of the guns from the walls was not a little startling—it was rather too warm a reception for faithful citizens to give to their liege lord on his arrival; but such it was: the guns were fired, and the advancing force was soon scattered. Some fled precipitately, others slipped away to some convenient shelter, and a few fell, never more to rise against the men of Derry. The King, sur-

prised and confounded, endeavoured to rally his disordered troops ; and when evening came he found it convenient to retreat to St. Johnstown. Thus ended the day ushered in by the rising sun with such fear and hope.

The next step was to provide for the maintenance of order and discipline within the walls, without which, it was plainly seen, nothing could be effected. Major Baker and Mr. Walker were elected Governors—the former for military affairs, the latter for the influence of his eloquence and moral power over the people, to preserve unity and concord amongst the strangely-mixed garrison. The stores were examined and the necessary orders given for their regulation ; the guns were disposed to the best advantage, and the fighting men formed into companies, under command of eight colonels—in all, seven thousand and twenty men and six hundred and forty-one officers.

“ The Lord Himself has been with us,” said Walker, as he walked with Murray round the walls, surveying with his keen

eye each post of danger; "how otherwise could we have accomplished so much already?"

"And in so short a time," replied his companion; "it is now but three days since all was in hopeless confusion."

"Our dangers are truly many and great, and, were it not for the resolute courage which daily showeth itself in our people, we had surely sore need to faint. Here we are, a handful in the midst of our enemies, our friends deserting us, our garrison composed of a number of poor people frightened from their homes, and seeming more fit to hide themselves than to face an enemy, with no person of acknowledged experience in war to lead them."

"And, besides," added Murray, "we have no horse to sally with, no forage, not a gun well mounted in the whole town, and but scant food to keep us alive."

"It is only too true, brother; but God Almighty hath made us as it were to overlook all these difficulties, and I doubt not that, with His own right hand and with His holy arm, He getteth Himself the victory."

And almost miraculous it seemed, indeed, to see spring out of the disorder and disunion, so overwhelming but a few days before, the martial look and bearing of the whole town, and the unity and confidence which prevailed. The siege was now begun in earnest, but the citizens were prepared and ready.

Messages were brought from the King to the city, in expectation of the fulfilment of Lundy's promises, but they were quietly disregarded; and James, finding his presence produced no effect, returned to Dublin, leaving the future conduct of operations to his officers.

## CHAPTER VII.

“Go in and cheer the town; we’ll forth to fight—  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.”

EDWARD FAIRFAX was a warm adherent to the Episcopal Church, and his wife, the daughter of a Scotch minister, had adopted his views, and brought up their two children, Aileen and Katharine, in the same confession. She was dead long since, and for many years her sister, Miss Hester Carmichael, had kept Mr. Fairfax’s house, and been as a second mother to his daughters. Aunt Hester was a shrewd Scotchwoman; but all the tenderness of her nature had been drawn out by the claims of her sister’s children upon her affections, and, though her character was determined and self-reliant, she had none of the hardness which too often predominates in women of her stamp. She had never given up the Presbyterian

form: Aunt Hester rarely gave up anything. Edward Fairfax was an old man now, and ill-health had made his years appear more than they were. He seldom left his chamber; but never was there a man more nursed or cared for: his sister-in-law and daughters jealously shared the attendance on him. Good and kind as he had always been, he was now gentle as a child.

It had been a trying day for the besieged. The bombarding of the town had commenced; some of the buildings had taken fire, chimneys and roofs had fallen in, and the consequent damage and loss of life was not trifling. Silently and sadly the Fairfax family was gathered round the hearth after the evening meal. Katharine knelt by her father's chair: the sounds and sights of the day had greatly shaken him, and he lay back, pale and weak. Aileen and her aunt sat at the other side of the fire, their hands busy with their needles, which, they said, kept them calmer than doing nothing.

"How late they are to-night," said Aileen; "Duncan said neither of them would be on guard this evening."

"I wish they would come, and then we might get my father to go to bed," said Katharine, in a whisper; "he is dozing now"—and she rose and sat down by her aunt.

"Aunt Hester, what will be the end of it all, do you think?" she said wearily.

"Katie, child, how can I tell? God only knows that, but we know that we are safe in His hands."

"How will father bear it, if it goes on much longer like to-day? Look how worn and pale he is," said Aileen, putting down her work.

No one answered. What could they answer, when they looked towards the poor old man, and thought of the hardships which might come. After a little, Katharine said—

"And we seem so helpless, so useless. Men can go about and do their best, while we can do nothing."

"The best we can do," said her aunt, "is to keep ourselves quiet, and not worry other folk with our questions and fears. We'll

have plenty to bear, no doubt, before long and plenty, too, to suffer."

"That's just it," said Katharine, "we must sit still. I firmly believe, auntie, it is the hardest lot of the two. If I were only a man, and could go to the walls and do something!"

"Whist, lassie, you do not know what you say. Be thankful you have brave men to shield you from the brunt of the battle. You don't know what it is to face death as they do, perhaps every hour of the day."

Aileen shuddered. She thought of Duncan, who was more to her than to any of them, and she knew he would not spare himself.

"Aunt," said Katharine, "which do you think, Duncan or Hugh, is the bravest? I need not ask Aileen, for of course she is prejudiced; but you are not, I think."

But, indeed, aunt Hester was prejudiced, if the truth could be known; for Hugh, whom she had seen grow up from his childhood, was as the very apple of her eye. She understood his reserved nature and, at times, rather haughty ways; she had seen

him in his gentlest moods, tending his mother's dying bed, and she knew what a depth of feeling he hid under a cold surface. Duncan she was beginning to like also; but at first he had been too gay, too off-handed for her, and at times she doubted if he was good enough for her Aileen.

"How can I tell, child?" she answered; "they are both good soldiers, no doubt."

"But which would bear the most, do you think?"

"Well, I'd have but little question that Hugh would hold to his own the longest, and, perhaps, endure the more wearisome day. Duncan would rush straight ahead at the danger—the most forward, surely; but, I'd say, it would be more likely he'd give in the soonest."

"Oh, aunt, nothing would daunt Duncan."

"Who is afraid that I shall be daunted?" said Duncan himself, as he came into the room at the moment.

"Oh, you have come at last; and where is your cousin?" said Miss Carmichael, rising.

“Hugh is coming. He is bringing a poor woman round here for shelter; her house is buried in ruins—she is Sandy’s mother. He is at his post on the wall, and Hugh promised to see to her.”

“I must arrange some place for her,” said Miss Carmichael. “Aileen, see that Duncan has his supper.”

Hugh soon joined the party, and the old man roused himself to hear the details of the day’s doings. Duncan had most of the talking to himself. Hugh, at all times taciturn, had of late been even more reserved; and his cousin’s bright face, rendered still brighter at present by the smoothly-running current of his love, contrasted almost painfully with the cloud which seemed to hang over Hugh’s brow. Jealously he watched the attention with which both sisters listened to Duncan’s descriptions, told with so much ardour; and he saw, more closely than any of them could have imagined, the looks of love and animation Aileen expressed in every glance towards her lover; not that he could accuse

either Aileen or Katharine of neglect towards himself. They had from childhood always treated him as a brother, and with Aileen he knew that this love was unchanged. But with Katharine he persuaded himself it was different; her kindness he imagined was only the common courtesy she would give to the merest stranger, her indifference he magnified at times into positive dislike.

"Did you hear, Hugh," asked Duncan, "that Murray has determined on a sally?"

"Yes; but I heard no particulars."

"It is to be volunteer work, and Murray takes command."

"The numbers are not made up yet, I suppose," said Hugh.

"I should say not, and I had half a mind to give in my name."

"Oh, Duncan! why should you?" said Aileen, her voice trembling.

"Why should I not, as well as any one else?" he said gaily; and then his manner changed as he looked at the pale face beside him.

“There is no need for you to go, Duncan,” said his cousin. “Aileen is right; why should you go? Others would be less missed than you,” he added, sadly. Miss Carmichael coming in at this moment, he turned to her, abruptly changing the subject—

“Miss Carmichael, how many more can you accommodate here? This house is comparatively safe at present. We must get the people out of the unprotected quarters. And then about provisions, what have you in store?”

Miss Carmichael was scarcely prepared for this inroad on her hospitality; but she could not resist, even had she been so inclined, the decisive tone in which Hugh spoke, knowing as she did that he was seldom led away by vague sentiment. They were therefore soon deep in the ways and means necessary to carry out his plans; and Aileen turned again to Duncan to dissuade him from putting himself into unnecessary danger. Katharine went to her usual place, by her father's chair at the

fireside. Later on in the evening she and Hugh found themselves alone for a few minutes, the others having all dispersed for the night. "Hugh," said Katharine, "will you keep Duncan from volunteering for the sally? It would break Aileen's heart if anything happened to him; and there would be great danger, would there not?"

"Yes, it is a risk, and Duncan need not expose himself to it. As I said before, there are plenty to do it without him; plenty whom nobody would miss."

"I don't suppose there are many in the town so utterly friendless as that. There are very few people in the world who have not some to care for them."

"Plenty," said Hugh, shortly. "I believe no one is really missed long in this world. Others fill up their places, and everything goes on as if they had never been."

"Then I suppose you would not miss any one yourself?"

"Not many; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that no one would miss me."

"You just want me to contradict you ;

but I won't. ' It is ungrateful of you not to think more of our affection for you by this time. And, besides, when you allow you don't care for many people, how can you expect many to care for you! You are so proud, cousin Hugh; you always judge yourself apart from other people."

"Could you think of any more pleasing qualities to bestow upon me, cousin Katharine? I am ungrateful and proud; what more, if you please?"

"It is time to bid you good night. I think you are getting sarcastic, and I don't want to get into an argument: I always get the worst of it, as every woman does. You will not forget to talk to Duncan."

## CHAPTER VIII.

“Is human love the growth of human will?”

GLOOMILY Hugh turned to the fire when Katharine had gone. Yes; she thought him ungrateful, proud, and sarcastic; these were her words, but without the playful look and tone they had been spoken with; and it had never entered into her heart to ask him not to put himself in danger. Surely, if any one was fitted to go on the forlorn hope he was; he had no ties, no one to beg him to take care of himself. And so his determination was taken to join Murray's little band.

“What kept you so long, Katie?” said her sister, when she went to their room.

“I stayed to speak to Hugh, to ask him to talk to Duncan about not going on the sally.”

“How kind of you, Katie. What did Hugh say?”

"He said there was no need for him to go; and then, as usual, he got cross, and wanted to draw me into an argument. I never saw anything like him now; he has got so hard, and talks in such a gloomy way."

"Indeed, Katie, I must say I think you are often very hard on him."

"Nonsense, Aileen. Why, to-night I did but rally him. But I think he makes a point of contradicting me and getting up a dispute, just to draw me out to say sharp things; and then he says I always misunderstand him."

"And so you do, I think. Katie, dear, I have a fancy that Hugh cares more for you than you think."

"Cares for me! What do you mean, Aileen?" And then the hot flush came over her face, and she said, eagerly—

"That's perfect nonsense, Aileen; why do you say it? I verily believe Hugh dislikes me. I am the only one in the house he ever quarrels with."

"That is the Irish way of making love,

you know, Katie," said her sister, laughing.

"Don't, Aileen. I wish you hadn't said anything about it; it is so utterly ridiculous. You think every one must be in love now, because you are so yourself. Go to sleep, foolish child, and dream of Duncan, which will be far more profitable for you."

But to sleep she herself could not go. Her sister's words had surprised her not a little, and set her thinking of what she had never thought of before; the idea seemed so absurd, so unfounded. Still, in spite of herself she remembered a tenderness—perhaps only a tone or look—which had surprised her at the time, and then was forgotten in the habitual coldness and sternness of his manner. She had always thought of him as her cousin—almost her brother—and she felt angry and indignant that any one should have thought of him as anything else; and Aileen's words were calculated, as all such words spoken by a third person invariably are, to do more mischief to Hugh's cause than months of misunderstanding between them.

Katharine was startled at the idea, and determined to be more reserved than ever with her cousin. "It would never do," she repeated over and over again to herself; "but I don't believe Hugh ever thought of it. How I wish Aileen had never put it into my head. We used to get on well enough, in spite of the quarrelling; but now I will be afraid to speak to him when I know any one—even Aileen—is thinking about it. I wish he could go away, but he can't while this weary siege lasts." And then she thought of her father, and of all they might have to suffer before it was over, till she went to sleep with the thought in her mind—"What would she do if Hugh should be away at this time?"

Hugh was out early next morning, and later in the day Duncan told them that he had gone with Murray.

"He would not let me go," said Duncan; "and it was only by accident I heard he was going; and then I asked him why he would go, and he said, quite savagely, that it mattered to no one about him. I can't think what has come over him."

Katharine bent down lower over her work to hide the conscious look the remembrance of Aileen's words on the night before brought to her face, and then the thought smote her, "No one ever asked Hugh not to go ; perhaps that was what made him cross last night. When she had been talking to him about Duncan she had never, somehow, thought of his putting himself into the same danger ; and now he had gone, thinking no one cared for him, and it was not true, for they were all full of tenderness and affection for him."

"He is doing his duty, I doubt not," said Miss Carmichael, "and God will take care of him."

"I daresay," said Aileen, "he thought it would trouble us if we knew he was going ; and if he had made up his mind, nothing would have prevented him. Must you go now, Duncan ?"

"Yes, I must be on guard ;" and he returned to his place on the walls, feeling half envious of the active service Hugh was engaged in.

The contest was a warm one. A few horses still remained within the walls—among them Mitchelburne's famous white charger—and the gallant little troop that rode out so bravely that morning were met with almost equal energy by the besiegers. Murray and Hugh Fairfax fought side by side with so resolute a will that it was not till their enemies had suffered considerable loss that they were driven back towards the town. Murray's horse was killed under him, and, closed in on all sides, all hope of his safety seemed lost. Fairfax, seeing the overwhelming force which now pressed upon them, spurred his horse towards the city, raising the cry, "To the rescue! To the rescue!" In a moment he was answered by a body of musketeers, with Walker at their head, who gallantly repulsed the enemy's cavalry and carried Murray safely back within the walls.

"But for your promptitude, Fairfax, we were lost," said Murray, when they had time to look about them.

"My share in it was small; but, at any

rate, we have done something, and escaped better than we could have hoped."

"Yes, and came off better than they did, after all. You are unhurt, but what of M'Pherson, your cousin?"

"I saw him, surely, with Walker?"

"Yes, here I am," said Duncan himself. "Was it not grand to follow the brave old fellow?"

"So you were out, after all, Duncan; and what is this?—you are wounded!"

"Oh, it's not much; only a salute from one of these French swaggerers in trunk boots."

"At any rate, you must go home and have your wound seen to: I will follow you later. There are a great many to look after here."

A random shot had struck Duncan in the shoulder, but the wound was not deep; and the Fairfaxes felt they had much cause for thankfulness when no more trouble had come to them from the day's work.

## CHAPTER IX.

“Was none that would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack;  
But those behind cried “Forward!”  
And those before cried “Back!”

“DUNCAN has told us of all you did, Hugh,” said Aileen, when he joined them later in the evening. “We are all proud of you; are we not, father?”

The old man’s eyes glistened with pride and pleasure as he looked at Hugh, who was to him almost as his own son—

“You will always do your best for us, Hugh, I know,” he said, “as your father would have done before you. What will be the next step? Are they as determined as ever to make us yield?”

“They are strong—very strong; and there is no doubt they will hold on to the last against us; we have shown them

to-day, I think, that we are equally determined. It is Murray's opinion, I believe, that these sallies are useful, to keep up the ardour of the town and do the outsiders as much damage as we can. Hunger is the only thing we have to fear."

"Are the provisions coming short already?" asked Katharine.

She had not spoken before. Proudly and even affectionately as she had thought of Hugh, she felt too constrained to join in the general congratulations; and now, fearing her unusual silence should be noticed, she determined to express some of the interest which she felt as deeply as any of them.

"No, there is no lack yet, I believe; but we cannot tell how many months this may last."

As he spoke he turned towards her with a look which Katharine felt told her that her silence had not been unnoticed by him. It distressed her that he should think her unkind, and she blamed herself for allowing Aileen's unfounded fancy to change her

manner to one who had always been good and kind to her. She needed not to have been afraid of being embarrassed by his attentions, for as the days went on they rarely saw him, except for a hurried moment. Numerous sallies were made, and he was ever the first and last in the fray. Duncan's shoulder kept him from any arduous duty, but, with his arm in a sling, he was zealous as ever in any service he was capable of doing. It was a weary, anxious time for the women of the family: they could only wait and hope and strengthen each other by self-denial and cheerfulness. At the same time, there was work enough indoors. The house was full of sick and old people, and tenderly and carefully did Miss Carmichael and her nieces do all they could for them. Each day of anxiety seemed to tell sadly on Mr. Fairfax: his step was feebler; his frame became shaken and bowed.

Among the sad hearts at this time poor Janet Elwood's was about the saddest. From the time of her parting with Jim under

the archway, she had heard no news of him. For some time she hoped and expected that he would come back after all, as he had done many times before, after some of his wild schemes ; but as the days wore on, and he did not come, all hope that she should ever see him again died out of her heart. Her young mistresses were kind and sympathizing to her : she was an orphan, and had no other friends in the world. Silently and uncomplainingly she went about her work, carrying out all their directions for the comfort of the household in the unselfish spirit which animated them all.

Time passed, and it seemed as if the siege must be turned into a blockade. At last it was determined by the besiegers to make one great effort to reduce the city by storm. Early one morning in June Duncan came in with the news that the enemy were preparing to assault an outwork known by the name of the Windmill Hill.

“ It is a forlorn hope of theirs, I should say,” said Hugh.

“ And I promise them a warm reception.

If they could only hear Walker's exhortation just now to the fellows on the walls they would quake in their shoes, I'm thinking," said Duncan, with enthusiasm.

"Oh, if we could only do something!" said Katharine.

"Do you really mean it?" asked Hugh.

"I do. Could we not load, carry cart-ridges, or anything?"

"Yes," said Aileen, warming with her sister's spirit; "Duncan, there must be something for us to do. Let us go out and watch. If there are wounded we might be of use."

"You might load for us? I will teach you," said Hugh. "Quick! Duncan, do you take Aileen. Miss Carmichael, I will take care of them. But you do not grudge them to help us?"

"No; they will be happier doing something. I would go myself, but for your uncle; and some one must stay in the house."

For a moment the girls were dazzled, bewildered with the sight. It seemed as if

everyone was hurrying to the scene of action on the walls. Here the citizens were drawn up in three lines to face the enemy who were vigorously preparing for the assault; and so determined were they to succeed in the forlorn hope that many of them had bound themselves by oath to make their way into the outworks or die in the attempt. With an overwhelming noise they came boldly on, and the fighting raged hot and fiercely. Aileen and Katharine were not alone in their patriotic efforts to help in the affray. Animated with a like enthusiasm, the women of Derry, occupying the background, might be seen, heedless of the fire, bringing water to the men and preparing ammunition with alacrity and skill. There was no time for fear, scarcely for thought, except the one predominant idea of resistance to the death. In one place, where the wall was but seven feet high, a party of the most resolute of the besiegers reached the top, but their hardihood only bought for them immediate death or capture by the defenders. It was not till four hundred of the assailants had

fallen that the call to retreat sounded. Indomitable as their resolution had been, it was of no avail against the patriotism and obstinacy of the people of Derry.

Great was the joy and excitement on the walls when the enemy were seen retiring, even the wounded and dying among the citizens exulting in the triumph.

Covered with death-wounds lay Sandy M'Elroy. He had fought like a lion among the foremost, and now he felt that he was to do no more for his beloved city. His friend Pat Mackinnon bent over him: he too was wounded, but not mortally.

"They've got it, Pat, they've got it; didn't I tell you they would?"

"What is it, Sandy?"

"I promised them a warm welcome, an' they have got it to-day at any rate, man; an' I'm right glad I lived to see this day."

"Where are you hurt, Sandy? Let me raise you."

"No, Pat, it's no use. My time's up—I can do no more for the cause. But promise me, Pat, you wont give in one inch to those tyrants."

“Oh, Sandy, my strength will be all gone with you! We fought and worked together till now!”

“You must stick to the city, Pat. I’ve done my best, an’ that the Lord Himself knows.”

“We all know it too, Sandy,” said Duncan, who was passing by, and had recognised his friend’s voice. “What can we do for you, Sandy, my man?”

“Nothing, sir, only my mother. Captain Hugh has looked to her before now, too. Pat, you’ll be a son to her now, for my sake!”—and he sank wearily back, exhausted with the loss of blood. Gently his friends moved him to a more sheltered place and carefully tended him; but poor Sandy’s work was over and he soon passed away from the trouble.

## CHAPTER X.

“Soldier, rest, thy warfare’s o’er ;  
Sleep the rest that knows not breaking.”

“SOME water, Katharine,” said Hugh, hastily, coming to where she was serving it out ; “and if you could come too you might be of use.”

She promptly followed him to a sheltered spot, where some prisoners were guarded. A little apart from the others lay a young man, the blood flowing from a wound in his temple and his eyes closed, apparently in a death-swoon. Katharine sprinkled some water on his face, and, kneeling down beside him, quickly bound up the wound with some linen she had in readiness. Hugh had turned away, seeing that he left his prisoner in good hands, and Katharine watched alone by the sufferer. It was long before he stirred, and then, opening his eyes

wearily, he quickly closed them again as the bitter consciousness of where and what he was returned to him. Gladly would he have welcomed death then, as a blessed release from the captivity before him ; but he was not to die : his swoon was merely the effect of the loss of blood from the wound which the timely arrival of Katharine had arrested. "How sad and pale he looks!" she thought, as she watched him more closely and marked his delicate features and gentle sorrowful air. She could not help feeling it a pity that he should be there as a prisoner ; and she thought of his friends—perhaps a mother or a sister—watching for his return. He was young, and, from his dress, evidently in the rank of an officer. Seeing that he moved again, she bent over him :

"Are you in pain? Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?"

"No; nothing," was the answer given in a low, sullen tone.

She did not speak again, and presently Hugh came back.

“He has revived,” she said; “had he not better be moved? There is room at our house.”

“Yes; this is no place for him; he is accustomed, I would say, to a softer bed.”

“Let me stay here; I want nothing, only to be left alone,” said the prisoner, suddenly opening his eyes.

“You are my prisoner and must come with me,” said Hugh, coldly; and then his heart smote him for the words he had used, when he saw, by the painful start and burning flush in the young man’s pale face, the pain they had caused.

Katharine saw it too, and softly said—  
“We will make you more comfortable than you could be here. No one shall intrude upon you.”

“Thank you,” he answered, feebly, “you are too kind to a prisoner.”

The necessary directions were given, and he was soon transported to the Fairfaxes’ house which was already not unlike a hospital.

Pat Mackinnon, wounded and exhausted,

was already there, under the care of poor Sandy's mother, who had put aside for the time her own heart sorrow for the son she would never nurse again, tenderly doing all she could for one "the lad had loved so well." The violence of the storm of assault was by this time over: only now and then an occasional bomb broke the silence of the night as it burst over the city. Many a house had a tale of sadness to tell from the casualties caused by the falling timber, besides those suffered in the encounter of the day. The Fairfax family were safe as yet; and very full of gratitude was Miss Carmichael as she saw them all under the shelter of the roof once more. Hugh looked harassed and disordered, but it seemed as if the guardian angel kept good watch over him, for he was in no way hurt in the fray. Duncan was faint and pallid. Unheeding the wound he had been suffering from, he had fought with all his energy and paid dearly for the undue exertion. Miss Carmichael was startled when she saw him and got him immediately to bed. A

restless night was the forerunner of a fever which proved long and dangerous. A sorrowful time was now before them all: the house was filled with sick and wounded, and old Mr. Fairfax, broken down by anxiety and the noise and terror of the last engagement, was gradually wearing away. The siege was turned into a blockade, and every precaution taken to prevent provisions being brought into the town or any communication whatever passing between the besieged and the outer world. Obstructions were thrown across the river, and so effectual a boom was constructed that it was impossible for any ship to pass up to the city. But the hearts within the walls were brave still. Order and discipline were everywhere visible. The lower parts of the most secure houses were converted into hospitals, and refuge and shelter were found in them for all the sick and homeless, of whatever rank or degree they might be. Social differences were forgotten. All were alike suffering for the common cause: they were all citizens fighting for their city. Religious

distinctions were for the time put aside: clergymen of all parties and sects exerted themselves indefatigably among the people, cheering and encouraging them. The English Liturgy was read every morning in the choir of the Cathedral, and in the afternoon Dissenters worshipped under the same roof in their own simple form. The Bishop, finding his sermons inculcating passive obedience produced no fruits, had long before this hastily withdrawn himself to a more congenial atmosphere.

Provisions were carefully hoarded and doled out cautiously to the community, for it was felt that only hunger would have power to break down their courage; but with insufficient food other evils came in the shape of fever and sickness of every description. Hope, however, was strong in each heart, and from day to day they lived on, as people will do at such times, scarcely seeming to realize the darkness of the future which was closing in on every side.

## CHAPTER XI.

“No hap so hard but may in fine amend.”

PAT MACKINNON was getting better, in spite of the want of nourishment and even of sufficient food: carefully and even tenderly he was nursed by the lonely woman whose only son had so early paid the penalty for his bravery. Mrs. M'Elroy looked upon Pat as a sacred charge left her by Sandy; and it was well for her that her time and thoughts were so fully occupied. She had a kindly assistant at this time in Janet, whose own troubled heart was drawn to sympathize with the sorrows of others. She sat one evening in the widow's post by Pat's bedside, keeping watch while Mrs. M'Elroy was resting.

“Is that you, Janet?” he said, rousing up from a doze. “I was dreaming. I

thought the gates were open an' they were all pouring in—the ruffians—an' I saw Martin. Do you mind Jim, Janet?”

The suddenness of the question brought the blood to her cheeks; but in the gathering twilight Pat did not see it, nor did he seem to mind the tone of her voice as she answered—

“Yes, I mind him, Pat. But why do you ask?”

“Because it seemed in my dream as if he had something to do with the open gates; an' do you remember the night the gate was found open; an' he has never turned up since. Isn't it strange? But somehow I never trusted that lad, even in the days long ago before these times. They used to say, now I mind it, in those days, Janet, that he was talking to you; but it wasn't true, was it?”

He looked at her as he spoke, and, even in the uncertain light, he saw that her face was pale as death and that she was sadly troubled. Her eyes filled with tears as she said—

"Please don't ask me, Pat; it's over and done now."

"Janet," he said, "I never thought, brute that I am! I'm so sorry!"

"Never mind," she said, controlling herself; "only tell me have you heard anything lately?"

"Nothing. But, Janet, though it may pain you, I must say it, he is a traitor; there is no doubt about it. Had the plans he and others made that night been carried out, the enemy would have been here now."

She did not answer, and he turned away, his heart, perhaps, as sore and troubled as hers. That this man, a traitor and a sneak, should have ever thought of Janet, and made her think of him, was galling; for poor Pat had not been watched and tended by Janet for nothing all these days past. Could he have got up and put away these thoughts in active duty, it would have been easier for him; but there he had to lie, and think, and think; while Janet, in her daily round of duties, found more comfort than she thought could ever come to her again.

## CHAPTER XII.

“And though immured, yet can I chirp and sing  
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.”

IN the meantime the young prisoner, Fergus Fitzgerald, who so reluctantly had become an inmate of the Fairfax household, was regaining the health and strength which, in the first agony of despair at his unfortunate position, he almost longed never to feel again. He had joined James's army in all the ardour of chivalrous allegiance to the Crown which he had been taught from his youth up to reverence and uphold. His father, Angus Fitzgerald, although a Catholic himself, had married an English Protestant; she was a woman of strong character and stedfast faith, and had brought up her son in the religion she professed. Angus, an easy-going, generous Irishman, had freely allowed his wife, whose opinions

he had an unbounded respect for, to carry her point in the matter of her son's religion, contenting himself with instilling into his mind the one great principle of his own life, loyalty to his King and country. On his deathbed almost his last words were, "Be true, and fight for your King, my son, if ever he needs your help." Fergus never forgot these words, and his mother, true to the memory of her husband, saw him go forth to the struggle without a word of opposition, although her secret sympathies naturally turned to the champion of her religion and the Protestant cause.

The dogged sullenness of manner which Fergus had assumed when he found himself in the hands of the enemy wore off under the kindness which he was shown by the Fairfax family. Even against Hugh, whom he looked upon as the author of his misfortune, his generous nature could bear no grudge; and Hugh, remorseful for the pain his hasty words had caused the young man, treated him with all the respect and tenderness due to a fallen enemy.

They had long talks together, for Hugh soon found out the truth and honour which were the fundamental principles of Fergus's character; and Fergus learned from Hugh to respect and venerate the courage and self-dependence which animated the defenders of the little city.

"You are stronger this evening, are you not?" said Hugh, coming to where Fergus was lying. He had now been moved to the common sitting-room of the family; and although at times a dark cloud hung over him, as he thought of his mother and his own position, yet the brightness of his nature often made itself known in the little circle, which had reason enough for sad depression.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Hugh's greeting, "you must soon cease your care of me and put me in my proper place."

"I know of no better place for you than where you are at present," said Hugh, lightly.

"What if I make my escape?"

"I don't think there is much chance of

that just yet; you are pretty well watched, I think. But you are alone this evening; how is that?"

"Mistress Katharine was here just now, and she said she must go to her father; he is weaker to-night than usual; and her sister is watching beside Captain M'Pherson. He has fallen into a deep sleep, and they think the crisis of his fever has passed. What news is there outside to-night. Have we done much mischief to you to-day?"

"There is nothing new. The shells are exploding at intervals, doing more or less damage, of course."

"I thought I heard more battering and noise than usual this morning."

"Yes; perhaps you did. The besiegers planted four demi-culverins in the lower end of Mr. Strong's orchard, opposite to Shipquay-street."

"Did they do much damage?" said Fergus, trying to hear all, but not half liking to question Hugh.

"Well, I suppose they did; the houses in that direction are greatly damaged. But

we did our part, too, I can tell you; and your ranks are somewhat the thinner. But I will not distress you with news of this sort."

"I can bear it well enough," said Fergus, "if you could only tell me some particulars."

"I do not know much to tell, except that a disaster happened which apparently caused much perturbation outside—you will sympathise with it too, I suppose—two of your churchmen fell."

"Mine! How did that appear?"

"Two friars in their habits: they were apparently exhorting the people to the combat."

"You mistake; I care not for friars," replied Fergus, a little coldly.

Hugh looked astonished. It had never occurred to him that his prisoner could be anything but a Roman Catholic. "Pardon me," he said, "are you not of the ancient faith?"

"No; my creed is as yours: my mother is English and a Protestant."

"How comes it that you are not on our side?"

"My father was Irish and I am so too in every sympathy. He fought for his King, and I do the same. You fight for a usurper and a foreigner."

"I fight for liberty—for the religion we hold in common."

"And have you no loyalty, no respect for your Sovereign?"

"He has forfeited the honour due to him; he has fled from his country—abdicated, in fact. I look upon a King as the highest officer of the State. If he proves himself unfitted for his office and is false to the welfare of his country it is no longer right that he should hold that position, and I am no longer bound to obey him."

"I cannot go with you, Captain Fairfax."

"No; but we understand each other, and are at any rate one in faith."

And the prisoner and his captor joined hands in cordial friendship.

While this conversation was going on, Katharine watched anxiously by her father's

bed. He had been in a half-unconscious state all day, and was now suddenly roused by the noise of a bomb bursting not far off, and by the crash of falling timber which followed.

“Katharine, my child,” he said, his voice weak and faint, “I cannot bear this much longer. Come near that I may see you. Where is Aileen?”

“With Duncan, father. He is getting on at last; aunt thinks the danger is past now.”

“Thank God,” he said. “Poor Aileen! it would have gone hard with her. He is a good lad, and will make her a kind husband. But you, Katie, I would that I could see you settled before I go.”

“Father, you will not leave us. Do not say it. It is only the noise and the smell of the gunpowder which make you ill. When the siege is over you will be strong again. Oh, father! say you will—wont you?” and she burst into tears, as she noticed his pale, deathlike face and the sound of his trembling voice which told her that her hopes were vain.

“Katie, darling,” the old man said, drawing her closer to him, “you must not grieve for me like that. I am only going home to your mother. You will all soon come too, and trouble like this will never come near us then. And, Katie, you must take care of Aunt Hester; she has been good to us all. You and she will keep together, and Hugh, he will look after you. Sometimes I thought you and he would be more to each other than you are. You start, child. You do not care for him; you do not know what he is. Believe me, Katharine, you will never find a truer——” And, excited and overwrought, he sobbed like a child.

“Oh, father, dear, you must not fret. We are all fond of Hugh: he is like our brother; he will always take care of us,” and she tenderly soothed and quieted him.

“You do like him, then; thank God,” he said, taking her words in a stronger sense than she had any idea of, and, comforted and exhausted, he sank into a troubled doze.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“He who dies pays all debts.”

It was now June, and the prospect of any change seemed as far off as ever. All day the great guns roared incessantly, and the stillness of the night was continually broken by the bursting of bombs, which ploughed up the streets and broke down the houses, driving the people from place to place to seek for shelter. The garrison was considerably reduced, not only by the shot of the enemy but by the prevalence of disease, the effect of improper food and the crowded state of the habitable houses. The want of water in the town was also a great source of discomfort; the wells inside the walls having become so muddy and tainted by the gunpowder that it was impossible to make use of them; and

considerable danger was incurred in the necessary sallies out of the town to procure a sufficient supply. The besieged being almost without horses, it was impossible for them to engage in any important action; but frequent skirmishes were made on foot by an officer and perhaps ten or twelve men rushing out when they saw the enemy approaching, and attacking them unexpectedly, with an energy and vigour which occasioned them much loss. Provisions were in this way brought in, and through the same means, also, information was gathered which proved of some use. After one of these actions Walker, who was ever ready to administer what comfort he could to the sick and dying of all classes, passing one evening through a shed where some wretched prisoners lay crowded together was attracted by the terror-stricken face of a young man, who seemed seriously wounded.

“You are suffering,” he said, drawing near to him.

The man only answered by a groan.

“He is dying,” said one of his comrades who had been giving him water; “the ball has gone right through and through him. It’s the priest he wants now, I reckon.”

At the word “priest,” the man shook his head faintly, and groaned more heavily than before.

“God will have mercy on you, my poor fellow,” said Walker, stooping down.

Hearing the gentle tones spoken in his ear, the man raised his eyes, which were dim already with the shadow of death.

“There is no mercy for a traitor,” he said, hoarsely.

“There is plenteous mercy for all in our Saviour Christ. Only look to Him and you are safe.”

“You do not know what I am, or you would not say those words of peace,” muttered the dying man. “I was once within these walls, a citizen. I was tempted, frightened. They told me the King was coming, an’ if I went with them I would be safe—ay, more than safe, rich, that my fortune would be made; an’ I went. On the 17th April I

stole out of the Ferry Gate, and left the gate open by direction of——” He stopped, exhausted; and then, revived by the water with which Walker moistened his lips, he went on—“It was not my fault that the enemy did not come into the town that night; the design was prevented. I have been in the enemy’s camp ever since, an’ my heart has smote me sore. God knows I would have come back before this, but I could not. I was watched, an’ at last I determined to come as a prisoner if I could come no other way. I have much to tell—but my breath is going—I have only come to die.” After another pause, he continued—“I would tell you, sir, before I go, that they will deceive you: the enemy, I mean. They have sworn not to keep faith with you; an’ I warn you, as a dying man, not to trust them—they have bound themselves to break every article you make with them. An’ now, sir, tell me of the mercy. I have spoken what I came for, an’ the darkness is coming over me again.”

“Have you no friends, no relatives in the town whom I could bring to you?”

“No, sir, it is no use now; they would hate to see me. But tell them that Jim Martin has had no peace since he left the town, an’ that he came back to warn them an’ to die. There was one who cared for me more than all: she was Janet—Janet Elwood. Tell her Jim has gone, an’ she’s not to think of me.” And then he listened half unconsciously, to the words of love and forgiveness the good man beside him spoke. Before the night was over Jim Martin was out of pain.

Quietly, and almost tearlessly, Janet heard the story; and then it was her turn to lie down and be nursed by Sandy’s mother. Worn out by grief and trouble, she sank into a low, nervous fever which lasted many days.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“He’s better to us than many mothers are ;  
And children cannot wander beyond reach  
Of the sweep of his white raiment.”

THE only solace there was at this time was the daily service in the Cathedral. The solemn words of the Litany soothed and comforted many a sorrowful heart, and the clergymen of all denominations joined in their exertions to stimulate and encourage their congregations by the most impressive and appropriate addresses. The women of each household, sharing the necessary attendance on the sick and feeble, went in turn to these services. One morning, as Katharine turned homewards from the Cathedral her eye caught a mournful little group gathered round a freshly-made grave. They were children. The eldest, a boy about twelve, held in his arms the youngest, a baby not a

year old; at his feet sat a little girl about three: she was crying piteously, and there seemed no one to comfort her but a little dog which rubbed its black nose into her tiny hand.

“Tell me what is the matter, my poor wee child?” said Katharine, coming to them; and, sitting down on the ground, she took the little girl on her lap.

“Mother!” said the child, crying more bitterly.

Katharine looked to the boy for his story. His poor little face was swelled with recent tears; but they were dry now, and his grief seemed settled down into almost callous despair.

“Yes, it is mother,” he said; “she was put here this morning.”

“And have you no one at home to be with? You must not stay here.”

“There’s no one now at home: mother is here, and father is on the walls. Mary is with mother too: she would have kept Nellie quiet; I must mind baby.” And he hushed the child in his arms with all the gentleness of a mother.

“You must come home with me, then: I will carry Nellie.” And she lifted the little motherless child in her arms, who, wearied out with her grief, sank down contentedly.

“Father will not know where we are and we do not know you,” said the boy, doubtfully.

“My name is Katharine Fairfax—you must call me Katie. When we get home you can go and find your father, and tell him I have taken charge of you. And now, what am I to call you?”

“I am Horace; father is Captain John Campbell.”

“May Gip come too?” said Nellie, drying her eyes.

“Yes; poor Gip must come too. Come, Gip”—and Katharine led the way towards her home.

On the way her little companions chattered freely to their kind new friend. They told her how Bessie, the servant who used to take care of them, had gone away before the gates were shut, into the country to

see her own little children; and then mother took care of them till the guns frightened her and made her ill, and then she never got up; and one day there was a great noise and Mary, their sister, who was younger than Horace and older than Nellie fell down. Something hit her when she was at the window, and they carried her away and put her in the churchyard. And then mother got worse—she cried so much—and at last she said she was going away; and she kissed them, and they never saw her again. And poor little Nellie told how Jenny, the cow, lived in the cellar; but this morning there was no milk. Horace went to milk her, but Jenny only cried, and Horace couldn't find anything for her to eat. Thus they innocently told all their troubles to Katharine's sympathizing ears. Nor was the sorrowful little tale an uncommon or unlikely one at this time: few in the town but had some like story of bereavement to tell.

Katharine had scarcely comfortably housed her little charge, and sent Horace to seek

his father, when Hugh came in, looking more than usually angry and excited.

"Who do you suppose they suspect now?" he said to Duncan, who lay on a couch in the family sitting-room.

"Who?" he asked, eagerly. "Not you, I hope?"

"A much more unlikely person. Fancy! Walker, our brave, honourable Governor!"

"Walker! Impossible! Of treachery?"

"Oh, no; not that yet; only of the most unlikely selfishness imaginable. The idea of that man thinking for one instant of himself and his own personal comforts! The story I heard was this:—At a public meeting in the Town Hall, to-day, where they were considering the ways and means of spinning out the common provisions of the town, Buchanan, the mean scoundrel, who has always had a grudge against Walker since the day of Lundy's fall—well, up he gets, and gravely insinuates that certain persons in high positions, being more careful for themselves than for others, have hoarded in their private cellars an undue amount of

food and even luxuries. On being further questioned, it comes out that this hint is intended against Walker. Suspicions are easily raised, and Buchanan brought forward witnesses to prove that, passing the Governor's house that day, the low of a cow was heard; that it could come from no place but his cellar; and straightway they turned out in a body to examine his house, Walker himself vouchsafing no answer, but quietly leading the way. Of course, they found no cow; still, the low ruffians hint that the animal has been removed, and all sorts of suspicions are heaped upon the head of the man who, you may say, has been the means of saving them and the city. There is human nature for you! The more you do for people, the more ready they are to turn upon you."

"Oh, Hugh, I think I know something about this," said Katharine, who had been anxiously listening to his account.

"You, Katharine!" he said, astonished.

And then she told him of the adventure with the children, and what they had told

her about their cow. "And they said—now I remember"—she added, "that they lived near Mr. Walker and he was sometimes very kind to them. Could it not be their cow was heard lowing?"

"Indeed it might. I will see John Campbell. He is an honest man, and will not hide anything."

"It is all right," he said, joyfully, coming back in a little while. "The moment Campbell heard of it, he said it was his cow, and that he kept her to supply his sick wife and poor little children with milk. He opened his doors for the mob to go in and see for themselves, and they carried away the cow in triumph. I told Campbell you would keep the children, Katharine, and he is very grateful. Poor man! he looks twenty years older. Walker, too, desired me to return you his heartfelt thanks for being the means of clearing his character."

"The idea of his character needing to be cleared!" said Katharine.

## CHAPTER XV.

“And the strong inborn sense of coming ill  
That oftentimes whispers to the human breast,  
In a low tone, which nought can drown or still.”

It was late in the evening of the same day. Miss Carmichael and her two nieces sat alone, waiting in hopes of Hugh's coming home for the night. Duncan kept watch by Mr. Fairfax's side, who was never left alone now; and Fitzgerald, who was still considered an invalid, had gone to bed, as well as the poor, motherless little children who had been fortunate that day in meeting with Katharine.

“Does it not seem very strange, aunt,” said Aileen, “that Governor Walker should fall under suspicion?”

“It would be strange at any other time; but, when we think of the state the town is in, we cannot wonder; the mixed popula-

tion all densely crowded together, half-starving, and in utter despair. I only marvel they are as quiet as they seem to be. And, of course, among such a number there must be some mischievous spirits who incite the others to discontent."

"Yes, indeed; and you know Hugh attributes it all to that Buchanan," said Katharine. "It seems such a mean, spiteful way of taking revenge against Mr. Walker."

"Only what you might expect from him," remarked her aunt. "You know the old proverb, child—'You canna mak' a siller purse oot o' a sou's lug.'"

"Yes, that's very true; but it's a wonder to me always that such people have any weight at all. Now, the idea of a man like Buchanan, ignorant and untrustworthy, being listened to for a moment, particularly when he takes upon him to speak against a man like the Governor!"

"But at a time like this," said Aileen, "there will always be some jealousy against those in authority. People will think they

have all an equal right to be in power when there is no recognised head. As aunt says, I think it is odd we have kept in such good peace all this time."

"And there is not much to keep you in good humour, either," said Katharine. "It is weary, weary work, day after day, to see such misery, and the hungry, sorrowful faces one meets going about. Those poor children to-day: nothing could have been sadder than to see them sitting by their mother's grave, so helpless and lonely."

"I am glad you did see them, poor little things; they will get on very well here," said her aunt. "How much have we to be thankful for that we are all here together still, when so many are daily leaving those dear to them in the kirkyard. It is well for those who are quietly laid there to rest; the pain is for those who are left, with the home circle so sadly broken in upon."

As she spoke, her words seemed to awaken a dark foreboding in their hearts: they drew, instinctively, closer together and no one spoke for some minutes, each of

them, doubtless, thinking to herself how soon their circle might be broken, and which of them would go first: and then, as it were, in answer to these sad thoughts, Miss Carmichael said, in her low, quiet voice:

“It is to bring us all to an expected end. Let us trust Him who has ‘so loved us.’”

“Aunt,” said Katharine, after another pause, “do you think father is much worse?”

“I fear he is weaker, and I think it will not be well to leave him now. I will sit up with him to-night.”

“Oh, aunt! is it so bad as that?”

“It is more to satisfy my own mind than anything else: he has been so restless all day. I could not go to sleep thinking of him being alone.”

“It would be better for one of us to sit up,” said Aileen.

“No, dear, I will take the nights; I do not require as much sleep as either of you. You will take care of him during the day.

Hugh is not coming back to-night, I think. We had better go and relieve Duncan."

"Wait half an hour longer, aunt," said Katharine; "it is quieter now than it has been all day, and it is resting just to sit here together."

At times a word carelessly spoken will strike a knell in our ears; and now, as Katharine said "together," it echoed back on her heart with the mournful thought, "Perhaps they might not have many such evenings together." She was naturally cheerful; and, looking up at the worn, anxious face of her aunt, she exerted herself to talk in order to drive away the clouds which their sad thoughts would gather around them.

"Aunt," she said, "what do you think of Fergus Fitzgerald? Isn't it a pity that he's a prisoner?"

"Poor young man," said her aunt, "I wonder what relations he has? He's just the sort of lad to have many a loving heart thinking of him, he has such a bonnie, winsome smile."

"How at home he has got with us all," said Aileen.

"Still, he is very reserved; we have never heard much about himself," said Katharine. "It is partly shyness, I think; and he has an idea that we don't like any-one outside the walls to be mentioned."

"He spoke of his mother once; and Katie and I have an argument, aunt, whether he is fancy free or not. What opinion would you give?"

"Nonsense, child; as if I thought about the matter! But which side do you take?"

"Oh, I think his heart is all his own so far," said Aileen.

"And I am sure he is thinking a great deal about some one outside the walls, he is so abstracted and looks so melancholy, sometimes," said Katharine. "Here comes Hugh at last; I thought he would come to-night."

## CHAPTER XVI.

“Alas! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love.”

THEY were sitting near the window, and she heard the clang of Hugh's armour coming along the street and ran to let him in.

“You up still, Katie?” he said.

“Yes; we hoped you would get back to-night: the town seems quieter than usual.”

“You should not have waited up so late for *me*,” he said; but the tone of his voice told the pleasure he felt that they had done so.

“I suppose there is no fresh news to-night, Hugh?” said Miss Carmichael.

“The enemy are not doing much; but we have had another disagreeable scene within the walls.”

“What! are they annoying Walker again?”

“Oh no; that absurdity is pretty well set at rest for the present. But this is a strange enough story too. It appears that Baker and Mitchelburne actually drew on each other.”

“In earnest?”

“In mad earnest, I hear. I was not present myself, but Campbell described the affair to me. As far as I could make out, it arose in the first instance about some trifle—the position of a gun on the walls, or something of that sort. Mitchelburne—unwittingly, I believe—countermanded some directions given by Baker, who is naturally a hasty man, but as generous as the day. He used some violent language, which Mitchelburne took as an insult, and, before anyone knew what they were about, their swords were drawn. Murray and Walker, who fortunately happened to be within hearing, interposed, and obliged them to desist. It seems odd that at such a time men should quarrel with each other over a few words.”

“We have just been agreeing,” said

Aileen, "that it is equally odd that there are not more disturbances, considering the state of the town."

"Yes, you would hardly believe all the forbearance and self-denial I see every day among the lowest of the people; the poor women dividing their crusts and giving perhaps the last drop of water to some poor suffering creature."

"We don't do half as much for each other as they do," said Katharine, sorrowfully.

"There is no need for you to think that, Katie," he said; "you don't know all the good you do by your example of cheerful hopefulness. Besides, I hear a different story outside many a time of what you and Aileen have done. I can tell you Walker is quite grateful to you for the help you gave in the solution of the cow mystery."

"That was nothing. But how weary you look!"

"And we are keeping him up talking," said her aunt. "Come; it is time for us to go to rest."

## CHAPTER XVII.

“Oh, harmless death ! whom still the valiant brave,  
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,  
And all the good embrace—who know the grave  
A short, dark passage to eternal light.”

For several nights Miss Carmichael watched by the bed of her brother-in-law, till at last it seemed that the end was nigh, so weak and prostrate had he become. For days he had touched nothing but a little water, and each fresh noise in the town so upset him that Miss Carmichael felt that he could scarcely last through another night. They were all assembled round his couch, a sorrowful little group, hardly daring to look in each other's faces and see the hopeless looks they could no longer conceal. He had hardly spoken all day, but as the night came on he roused up, asking questions of Duncan and Hugh about the state of the

town, and then he would sink back, the torpor of death gathering over him.

“Will it soon be light?” he asked.

“It has not long struck twelve, sir,” said Duncan.

“It is dark—very dark”—he went on; “but it will soon be light with me. I will see your mother, children, and tell her you will follow. God will lead you, as He has led us, on through this weary world to our eternal home. Sister,” he said, turning towards Miss Carmichael, “you have been good to me and to *her* children; you will soon be home too.”

“Yes, brother, it won’t be long, I think.”

“They will take care of you till you come. Hugh and Katharine, where are you?” he said, feeling for them.

Katharine was kneeling by his side, and Hugh, hearing his name, drew near. Katharine’s hand was in her father’s, and, raising himself, the old man placed it in Hugh’s. Katharine started, surprised and bewildered, hardly knowing what was done till she heard her father’s feeble voice again—“Be

true to her, Hugh"—and then she remembered his words some time before about herself and Hugh. But the one absorbing thought at present was that her father was dying, and she let her hand lie in Hugh's almost unheeding. Hugh trembled, it was so unexpected a scene to him. He thought the old man was wandering, mistaking them for Aileen and Duncan; but when he felt Katharine's cold hand lying passive in his, he could not forbear tightening his hold of it. After all, it seemed so natural; and Aileen, looking at them across the bed, thought how suitable they were for each other. They would both be called dark, but Hugh was the darker of the two, and his stern features and keen grey eye were softening with a tenderness which Katherine felt, and started to feel in the clasp of his hand. Her face was thin and worn, and the clear brown of her complexion was colourless; her soft brown eyes were cast down, full of tears; and her hair, much the same in hue, fell heavily over her broad, low forehead. The old man, turning to Aileen and

Duncan, spoke feebly to them, and lay back, a look of peace settling down on his pallid features. It was but for a moment. A loud crash was heard over their heads, the room was filled with the sulphurous smoke of a bursting bomb, the whole house seemed to shake, and the rushlight which gave a flickering light at the foot of the bed, was extinguished. Stunned and helpless, for some seconds no one moved, and then, as the smoke cleared away, by the glimmering light of the early dawn they looked at each other with frightened faces, and then turned anxiously to the dying man. A look of pain and terror was on the poor withered face; but he was past all pain and terror now. The light of Heaven had dawned for him.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren all in thee.  
Alas ! my father, mother, kindred all,  
Once mor ewill perish if my Hector fall.”

As the days wore on, and the trouble and sorrow grew darker and more overwhelming in the little city, the Fairfaxes felt thankful that the old man had passed away from the midst of it. They could bear the privations and discomforts which had made his days so weary; but still it would be vain to say how lonely and desolate they felt. Katharine of them all missed him the most; he had ever been her great care and thought, and she had, perhaps, been his favourite of the two girls. The sudden shock and fright of the death scene had almost driven from her mind the closing act of her father's life;

and Hugh, with a delicacy of feeling in accordance with his nature, allowed no difference in his manner to testify that he remembered the circumstances of that night. He thought with pain of Katharine's start and shudder at her father's words, and determined that no act of his should add to the sorrow she was suffering. With her, as time passed on and her thoughts of that night became more clear, Mr. Fairfax's last words were so full of his love and care for her that she did not think of them with displeasure. If it could have been so—if Hugh could take her father's place with her—would she not be content? In all this time of trouble and sorrow, what had he not been to them? And when she thought of his brave, unselfish endurance through all these months, she wondered she had ever thought lightly of him.

She sat one evening in the gathering twilight, with the little Campbells around her—the baby was in her arms, and Horace and Nellie sat at her feet. These children were great company to her, giving her

constant occupation and interest. Listlessly and silently she sat now, looking out of the narrow window, from which she could see the river, flowing as ever quietly by, murmuring and rippling in the setting sun as if to soothe the sad hearts it passed by in the little stronghold. Very worn and sad Katharine looked—so different, Hugh thought, as he came into the darkening room, to the Katharine of old times, who had ever met him with her ready banter and lighthearted merriment. She was dearer to him now, perhaps, than ever—sobered down in sympathy with his habitual gravity—but how he longed to see her face lit up again with one of her old mischievous smiles, her brown eyes sparkling once more with the old fun.

“The children are not in bed yet?” he said, almost with a start, as he saw them.

“No; but it is time they should. Come, Nellie, bid Captain Hugh good night, and come with baby and me.”

“You will be back again?” he said, as she turned towards the door with the children.

"Yes. Do you want me?" — and, in spite of herself, the hot flush came into her face at the thought of a tête-à-tête with him.

"I have something to tell you," he said, looking more at the children than at her.

When she came back, she found Hugh and little Horace studying a rather rough map of the country. Horace, young as he was, took as much interest in the welfare of the town as the oldest inhabitant. He was a thoughtful, clever boy; and the necessities of the time had naturally developed and sharpened all his faculties. Shutting up the map, Hugh sent him to bed, promising to show it to him some other time.

"Poor child!" he remarked, when the door closed.

Katharine looked up, relieved to find it was of Horace he spoke.

"Katharine, those children are more desolate than ever."

"What!" she said, startled, "has anything happened to their father?"

"He has left them too. A bullet struck

him in the head, and he never stirred again."

"Oh, Hugh! the poor little creatures! did you tell Horace?"

"No ; I had not the heart. It will be time enough in the morning."

"It will be a dreadful blow to him; he almost worshipped his father, and could not bear to be away from him."

"It is very sad for them," said Hugh. "Poor Campbell has had no loss himself; he never looked the same since his wife died."

They sat in silence for some minutes, Katharine thinking sadly that the bullet might have struck Hugh or Duncan; and she felt then, for the first time, that if it had been Hugh, her life would never more have been the same. The truth dawned on her suddenly that, much as she cared for Hugh before as a cousin, were he taken now, life would scarcely be life to her without him. All the sad time through which they had been passing had been working out this change in her heart. She

had learned to depend on him, and look to him in every need—the gentleness of his nature had been drawn out in many a trying scene. There was no time for their old arguments or wordy quarrels about nothing; but in the sad realities which engrossed them all she had learned to value him as he long before had valued her.

“Will it never end?” she said, tremblingly, thinking of the daily peril which he must run.

“There is no sign of a change yet,” said he, looking anxiously at her; “you are tired and weary of it, my poor Katie.”

His soft words brought the tears to her eyes; but she strove to put them away, saying—

“Don’t pity me; I have no more reason to be tired than others. Indeed, God has been very good to us.”

“Katharine,” he said, coming nearer to her, “I have never had an opportunity to speak to you alone since that night—the night your father died. I have been thinking since that perhaps you may imagine I

had spoken previously to your father; but you will believe me when I say that what he did that night was prompted by no word or hint of mine."

"I am sure of that," she said. "It was only a fancy of my father's, and we will not refer to it again; it is better not."

"I will not trouble you by referring to it any more; besides, it is no time for us to think of ourselves. Only, Katie, however it may be, I am bound to take care of you as long as I am spared. And you will let me, won't you?"

Before she could answer, Duncan came hastily in, his face lit up with joy.

"Did you hear?" he exclaimed, "there is hope! All the evening till darkness come on we have been on the Cathedral watching the suspicion of a sail down the Lough. Now I am sure of it, there is no doubt there are ships coming."

"Thank God!" said Hugh: Katharine's heart was too full to speak.

## CHAPTER XIX.

“Robin Hood was a fine young man,  
Full fifteen winters old;  
Robin Hood was a proper young man,  
Of courage stout and bold.  
Hey down, hey derry derry down.”

It seemed almost too good news to be true; but the morning light clearly showed the distant sails in the Lough. Fires were lit on the highest points, flags lowered, and every available signal given to urge their advance. It seemed all to no purpose: the ships were there, certainly; but they came no nearer; and the hope so quickly kindled died away again as the days passed and no help came. The enemy at the appearance of the ships had apparently taken fright, and seemed almost to meditate a move; but they too settled down again as before, and the siege seemed as far off from an end as ever. Every possible plan was

taken to convey messages to the ships, but, so closely were they watched, it was difficult in the extreme.

Horace Campbell's grief for his father seemed to take all life and hope from the poor little fellow: his sisters were too young to know what they had lost, but for days he would neither eat nor speak; till one day, seeing Hugh with the old map in his hand, and hearing him speak about the danger of sending messengers from the town, he suddenly roused himself, and, starting up, he declared he would carry a message.

"You! Horace?" said Hugh, astonished; "how could you?"

"Let me try: I must do something. I know all the country very well; besides, I am only a boy, and they would not take any notice of me. Katie, say I may go."

"How will your sisters get on without you? I think you had better stay and take care of them."

"You will take care of them," he answered; "and if I can get to the English

ships, and tell them to come on, that will be the best way of taking care of them and of you all. Yes, I will go," he said, determinedly; "no one has any right to prevent me now, if I like; and I know," he added more softly, "my father would have liked me to do what I could to help the town."

It was useless to dissuade him, his determination was taken; and Hugh consulted with Duncan as to the best means of forwarding him on his expedition. A boat of a good size had been built with the intention to make to the fleet lying in the distance; but the attempt had failed, owing to the overpowering fire of shot poured on them from the enemy, and they were obliged to turn back. A plan was now formed to start again in the boat with the ostensible design of robbing the fish-houses, and, if opportunity offered, to land a messenger who could make his way to Major-General Kirk, commanding the relief from England. Horace's offer to undertake this mission was accepted, and the boat

started, manned by Colonel Murray, Hugh, Duncan, and others—among the number our old friend Pat Mackinnon, who had regained his wonted health and strength. They were not long on their way before the enemy took alarm, and as they passed by Evans Wood a great gun was pointed at them, which narrowly missed the little boat-load. On still they went, the enemy firing now from both sides of the river. At last they reached Dannelong Wood, and here they put Horace ashore, to make his way as best he could to the Major-General.

## CHAPTER XX.

“Peace! she is done with the suffering  
Which we on the earth call woe;  
Peace! for her soul is forgetting  
The sorrowful tale we know.”

THE morning dawned as the men turned about to get back, and in the dim light they saw bearing down behind them two large boats, which the enemy had sent out, manned with dismounted dragoons, to cut off their retreat. There was nothing for it but to face them, and a sharp engagement ensued which resulted in seventeen prisoners being taken from one of the enemy's boats, and three or four killed. The second boat, seeing the misfortune of its companions, pulled off with all the haste its crew could make. In the Derry boat, strange to say, no harm was done to any one except Colonel Murray, who received some shots in his headpiece which

bruised his head and laid him up for some time. Amidst continual firing from the shore, they shot back towards the city, and succeeded in landing safely with their prisoners and some small prizes they had captured.

Full of exultation at the success of their expedition, Hugh and Duncan hurried home. An unexpected trouble awaited them. Janet, pale and trembling, met them with the eager question, had they seen the ladies? Miss Carmichael had gone out early to a meeting in the Cathedral; her usual hour for coming home had long passed, and Katharine and Aileen, getting alarmed, had gone out in different directions to seek for her. The young men turned immediately by the shortest way to the Cathedral. As they went, they heard that shells had been falling rapidly all the morning, and their hearts sank within them. A crowd round the church door confirmed their suspicions. Pushing their way through the throng, they passed into the building; all was confusion within and

without. A bomb had fallen through one of the windows, and killed and wounded many of the worshippers. Anxiously they looked around for the faces which were all in all to them. The little group was soon recognised. Aileen and Katharine knelt beside some one; it was Aunt Hester. Tenderly they chafed her hands, which were still warm, and looked in her poor thin face for any sign of life. It was hopeless: her pulse was still; her warm, loving heart would never beat again in joy or sorrow. Hugh and Duncan saw at once the full extent of the calamity, and drew the girls aside. There was plenty of sympathising spectators near to tell how it happened: a falling piece of timber had struck her and she had fallen down, stunned at once, where she now lay. The sad story was soon told, and, with quiet, sorrow-stricken faces, the girls went back to their lonely home, where their father's voice was no longer heard, and where she who had ever been a mother to them would never come again.

## CHAPTER XXI.

“ Was this a face  
To be exposed against the warring winds ? ”

MANY a longing look was sent to the ships, still motionless in the Lough, and yet no tidings came from them. Affairs within and without the city seemed darker than ever. The stores could not last much longer, and the garrison was daily reduced by death in every form and shape. Colonel Baker, who had been ailing for some time, became seriously ill, and, calling to his bedside the man with whom but a short time before he had crossed swords, he deputed him to take his place, as the fittest person he knew to assist the city in this great emergency; and then the brave soldier died, carrying out to the last his disinterested plans for the welfare of the cause he had so ably fought for.

Colonel Mitchelburne took the command, it would seem without opposition. About this time the strength of the enemy was considerably increased by the arrival of Conrad de Rosen, Marshal-General of King James's forces in Ireland. With unbounded presumption, he vowed the utter destruction of the town and its inhabitants. An offer of terms was made to the besieged by Lieutenant-General Hamilton; but the garrison, resolute as ever, returned an indignant answer; and a declaration was made inside the walls that the bare mention of the word "surrender" would cost the speaker his life. A letter was then sent from General Rosen, demanding that "the town should be delivered up to him by six of the clock in the afternoon on the 1st July, according to Lieutenant-General Hamilton's proposals." Contempt and indignation were the sole results of these threats, and the enemy's next step was to drive a miserable crowd of the people of the country under the walls of the town, expecting that the sight of their misery would

move the garrison to yield, when their own sufferings were unavailing to turn them from their resolution. It was a heart-rending sight, in truth, to see helpless old men, women, and children crowding together under the walls, hungry and thirsty, with no shelter, no hope of deliverance but in death, which had already brought relief to many amid their number. Some touching scenes could be told of the sympathy between the sufferers on both sides of the walls. A crust, hard and mouldy, was often divided, accompanied with words of mutual sympathy and encouragement; relatives saw each other, and many a sad story was told over the walls of common suffering, of bereavement and sorrow.

Katharine leant over the parapet one evening, anxiously looking far away for a little figure which was long in coming. Horace was not back yet, and their anxiety for him was every day becoming greater. Katharine spoke to no one at the other side of the wall; but from time to time her

attention was attracted by a girl younger, if anything, than herself, who with anxious, longing looks glanced up towards her. Their eyes met, and the girl's lips moved as if she would speak, and then she looked away timidly. She was very fair and fragile looking, and Katharine could see the traces of tears and sorrow upon her pale face. Again she looked up, and Katharine, bending down, spoke softly—

“Are you looking for any one?”

The girl's face brightened when she heard the kind voice, but she did not answer.

“Have you any relations in the city?” asked Katharine again.

“No,” said the girl, shyly; “I have only one relation in the world—my mother—and she is here;” and she pointed to a delicate-looking woman, who sat propped up against the wall.

“Are you in great distress?” again asked Katharine.

“Not more than others,” said the girl; “I am only afraid for my mother; she is weak”

"Have you anything to eat?"

"I have still some oaten bread that I brought in my pocket."

Katharine turned away once more to look out into the distance. The girl watched her eagerly, and, fearing she was moving away, said earnestly—

"Can you tell me something?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Are there many prisoners in the city?"

"Yes, a great many. Why do you ask?"

The girl looked confused; but the anxiety of her feelings made her bold.

"I had a friend, I think he is a prisoner. Oh, will you tell me! did you hear Fergus Fitzgerald mentioned as a captive?"

She looked so pleadingly up to Katharine that her heart was touched at once; she guessed the relation the girl bore to Fergus.

"I know him," she said; "he is well."

"Thank God! and thank you. You are sure of it?"

"Yes; he is in our house. Shall I tell him that I saw you?"

“Oh, no,” she said, quickly; “it would only trouble him to think of me—of us—in this position.”

“I must go now,” said Katharine; “I will see you again, I hope. Will you tell me your name?”

“My name is Geraldine Ross. I will watch for you another day: mother will be glad to hear about Fergus.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

“Shall I, because a maid is fair,  
Waste my life in dull despair?  
What care I how fair she be,  
If she be not fair to me?”

THE same evening Katharine noticed an agitated, restless look on Fergus' face; he strode up and down the room silently, almost sullenly. “Could he have heard by any chance of the presence of Geraldine under the walls?” she thought.

“Are you suffering this evening?” she said, when in one of his rapid strides he passed her closely. They were alone in the room, and he came and sat down wearily beside her. He had always looked to her as his friend since, on the night he was taken captive, she knelt beside him and spoke so softly and kindly.

“Suffering? no,” he said; “I am well now. Why should I suffer?”

"I thought you seemed troubled to-night," she replied.

"Is it strange for a poor prisoner to be troubled?"

"You have been so cheerful, helping us all to bear our troubles," she said, "that I thought there was something more than usual the matter to-night."

"You are right; I am perplexed—  
anxious. The country people have been driven under the walls, have they not? and I doubt not but some of my friends are among them. Can I rest and think of what they may be suffering?"

"Your mother—they would not surely molest her?"

"Oh, no; she is safe; but I have other friends—weak, delicate women. Yes, I do not mind telling you—you are a woman, and one of the kindest, gentlest I have ever known—you will understand my feelings when I tell you that the girl whom I had hoped some day to make my wife may, in all probability, be under the walls to-night."

"No wonder you are in trouble. I am

very sorry for you; but I think I can comfort you a little."

He looked surprised, incredulous: and she went on to tell him of her interview that day with Geraldine.

"It is as I thought," he said; "and I am powerless to help them."

"No one can do anything; we must only wait and hope," she said. "They are not in any great want, yet. I will see her to-morrow, and give her any message from you."

"Thank you," he said; "it is very kind of you to take such an interest in us; but I knew you would."

As chance would have it, just at this moment Hugh came into the room. He was not a jealous man, but it startled him to see the earnest conversation between Katharine and Fergus. He saw his excited manner and her sympathising face turned towards him; and he would not have been a man had not a pang of fear shot through his heart. Suppose Katharine had fallen in love with this interesting young Irish-

man? It would not be unnatural: they had been much thrown together, and Fergus was a handsome, openhearted young fellow; just the sort of young man a girl would fancy. Hugh was quick to observe, too, that at his entrance their conversation ceased. Fergus got up and left the room, and Katharine turned to Hugh with a question about Horace. With studied coldness he replied to her question: his jealous imagination tracing a sudden change in her manner as she spoke to him. He asked himself why had he ever allowed this love to take possession of his heart, when a stranger could be more to her than he had ever been or ever could be? Let him be so, he thought, in the bitterness of his spirit: the love she could so readily give to an alien could never be the love that would satisfy him. He was a fool to think it could be so: it was not in her nature to love him as he would be loved and as he knew too well that he loved her.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good,  
Oh, there were desolation of jailors and gallowses.”

KATHARINE's interest was greatly excited by the insight she had got into Fergus and Geraldine Ross's affairs, and as she talked them over with Aileen that night she said, “You see I was right after all about Fergus.” And Aileen was secretly not a little relieved to find that she had been proved in the wrong; for the possibility which had disturbed Hugh's mind that evening had occurred to her many times before as a not unlikely ending to the familiar and constant intercourse between Katharine and their prisoner. The subject of Hugh's affection for her sister had never been mentioned between them since that night, long ago, at the beginning of this story. She left the idea to

work itself out in Katharine's mind, and beyond her expectation it had indeed done so, but more from the circumstances of the time than as any effect her words could have had. The emergencies of the day put into the background individual cares which on other occasions would have been all-important. Hurried on from one startling event to another, the last few months seemed more like some fearful dream, from which they would some day suddenly awake to find all things as they had been, than the sad realities they were. Their father's and their aunt's deaths were alike unrealised. The loved ones had left them, but they could not feel that it was for ever, any more than that the strange scenes of sadness and suffering around them could go on for ever without change. In like manner it had been with Janet. Cast down and prostrate she lay for some days, and then, roused by some pressing necessity, she put far from her the pain of the past, and became the Janet of old—the ever-ready, willing little handmaid. It was a time of action and

endurance, rather than of thought and feeling; but, at the same time, every action was prompted by love, and every endurance told of a self-sacrifice which might have been looked for in vain in more peaceable days.

Early the next morning Katharine hurried to her old corner on the walls, with a part of her own scanty breakfast for Geraldine. Something unusual was going on: workmen were busy, and an excited crowd watched their work.

Geraldine was eagerly watching for her friend. She looked more pale and wretched than the day before, and Katharine hastened to offer her the food.

The girl, not noticing it, exclaimed, in an agony of grief, "You will save him, oh, say you will save him!"

"He is safe still. What do you fear?"

"Do you not see what they are doing? They will hang him! Those gallows are for him—for all the prisoners! You must know it, but you do not care. Oh, Fergus! Fergus! what shall I do? I had rather

you had died long ago! To think that I shall see you *there* soon! Oh, it is hard, hard!" And the poor girl sobbed aloud in her passionate grief.

"You must be calm, Geraldine. Listen to me," said Katharine, earnestly bending down towards her. "I cannot believe that this will be carried out. It is surely only a threat. Be patient, and I will do what I can."

"It is a cruel, cruel threat! But you will save him? Oh, promise me that you will!"

"I have no power to promise," said Katharine, sadly; "but I will try; and I do not think they can mean to carry it out. Try and eat this," she said, looking at the famished, weary face before her. "Take some to your mother, and for her sake be calm."

With a face full of pity and compassion, she moved away, and meeting Hugh, she exclaimed, almost as eagerly as Geraldine, "Oh, Hugh! what is this for? It cannot be true that any one in the town is to be hung?"

"We must do something; and it has been given out that, unless the poor creatures under the walls are released, the prisoners we have will be hanged on those gallows."

"Must they all suffer? Oh, Hugh, Fergus!—what of him?"

"He must be treated like the rest," said he, turning away, almost coldly.

"You will save him! oh, you will try, won't you?" And her eyes filled with tears as she thought of Geraldine.

"I can do nothing." But, seeing her evident distress, he added, "They may not carry it out. It is hard for you when you care so much."

Something in his last words told Katharine that he misunderstood her; and she would have told him further of the reasons for her anxiety, but some one calling Hugh at that moment she had to pass on alone.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

“The pangs this foolish heart must feel,  
When hope shall be for ever flown,  
No sullen murmurs shall reveal—  
No selfish murmurs ever own.”

A HAPPY surprise met Katharine at home. Horace had come back safe, with a despatch from Major-General Kirk concealed in the cloth button of his jacket. His adventures had been many and great, but, with wonderful ingenuity, he had accomplished his mission, and was now all anxiety to start again with the answer to the letter which he had brought. It was addressed to Governor Walker, and spoke hopefully of relief expected from England, with which in due time he would deliver them. In the meantime, he proposed attacking the enemy from the Island of Inch. An answer was immediately prepared to this letter, urging relief at once; and Horace, hiding it care-

fully in the folds of his breeches, made his way again from the town, this time leaving under cover of a party who were making a sally towards Pennyburn Mill.

Hugh joined in this expedition, with the same energy of despair which had prompted him once before: it mattered not, he thought, what his fate should be. The exertion and change of scene did him good; and as he came back into the town, the remembrance came to him that, come what might at a future time, he was bound now to protect and care for his cousin Katharine, and he would do so, and preserve himself as best he could to this end. On his return he found that the prisoners had obtained leave to write to Lieutenant-General Hamilton, stating their case and praying for consideration. Their blood, they said, they could not lay to the charge of the garrison, "the Governor and the rest having treated us with all civility imaginable." Hugh hastened to communicate the intelligence to Katharine, whose fears had been increased by Fergus being re-

moved to a more strict confinement. The answer to this petition, however, brought but little comfort. "If they suffered in this matter," Lieutenant-General Hamilton said, "it could not be helped; but their death would be avenged on many thousands within and without the city."

"We must only hope still," said Hugh, when he told her of this; "I feel that all will be right in the end."

Calmly and tenderly he spoke, and Katharine perceived no difference in his usual manner to her: his increased silence and hopeless look passed unnoticed when all were sad and heart-sick.

The violence of Geraldine's grief had subsided into a weary apathy of both body and mind, only alleviated by Katharine's gentle voice from the wall encouraging and comforting her frequently.

At last the joyful news came that the country people beneath the walls were to return to their homes: the gallows were taken down, and the prisoners sent back to their usual lodgings. The reason for this change

is not easily explained, unless, as stated in some accounts, it was the express command of King James, to whom tidings had been sent to Dublin.

“You are welcome back,” said Hugh, kindly, to Fergus, when he was once more established in his old quarters.

“Thank you all,” said Fergus, cheerily, his elastic spirits rebounding now the danger was past. He looked to Katharine, as if expecting some words from her. Hugh saw the movement, and turned away, pained and sore at heart.

“You would have liked to have seen the smile on Geraldine’s face to-day when I saw her,” Katharine said.

“They have gone?”

“Yes; and she told me to tell you that she is as true to you as ever.”

“I do not fear that she will ever change. What else did she say?”

“She said she would pray for you—for us all, that a change might soon come, and that you were to have no fear for her.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

“And the famine was sore in the land.”

EACH day provisions were becoming more scanty, and hope of help from without seemed as far off as ever. Suspicions being raised again that food was secreted in some of the houses, an order was given to search every dwelling, and transfer all stores to a common stock. This investigation was going on in the Fairfax's house. Katharine sat hushing the youngest little Campbell to sleep, she was sick and fretful for want of proper food; and little Nellie, pale and thin, played on the floor with her untiring playfellow, the little dog Gip. The search for food had been unsuccessful, and the men, passing the door to leave the house, caught sight of the little dog.

“There's a delicate morsel,” said one to

the other. "We must have him here, my little damsel; we have other need for the little brute than to play with you;" and he seized poor Gip, with a greedy, hungry look.

"You must not touch Gip! oh, indeed you must not! Gip is my own little dog. Nasty man! take Gip out of the bag." Poor Gip had been thrown without ceremony into an empty sack which the man carried on his shoulder.

"Must you really take the little dog?" asked Katharine, timidly, of the rough man.

"Ay, indeed, Mistress Fairfax, that we must; an' any more that you have, too. Dog flesh is too good living to go untouched now."

"Oh, Katie, make him give me back poor Gip! my own, own little dog!"

"Could we give you anything in place of the dog? He is so little he would not be worth much."

"What can you give, young mistress? Give us this bag full of meal, or anything

that will keep body and soul together—it does not matter much the quality—and you shall have the wee beastie again.”

“I have nothing,” said Katharine.

“No; I thought as much,” said the man, with a grim smile. “Come along, Will, the dog is better than nothing, any day, so he is.”

They turned away, and poor little Nellie, burying her face in Katharine’s dress, cried as only a child can cry for her little dog. Fergus, who had watched the scene, carried her away in his arms, and soon comforted the little heart by stories of “poor Gip come back again.”

This slight incident is but an illustration of the distress in the town. It would seem as if hunger would drive them to give in before help came—the help which, a month before, had seemed so near at hand. A fortunate discovery was made of a large store of starch in the town, which, mixed with tallow, afforded food for seven or eight days more. This exhausted, what should they do? The days wore slowly on,

and now the terrible truth was known that, in two or three days at farthest, there would be but the one alternative—starvation or surrender !



## CHAPTER XXVI.

“Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men.”

It was once again evening service in the Cathedral. What changes had there been since that night in December when our story opened. Many an anxious worshipper at that service was now quietly resting in the churchyard outside; and many who now passed by their graves this July evening, with weary, listless steps, would gladly have laid themselves down beside them. Every face was pallid with suffering and sorrow, and, with the quiet hopelessness of despair, they turned a listening look at Walker who stood up before them. What could he or any one else say to comfort or help them now? Almost with its old energy his voice rang out through the building. A thrill of sorrow might be

detected in his tones, which told that he too had suffered; still, the unwavering boldness and confidence of the man sounded as ever in the firm, deep utterance with which he gave out the words, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?"

"Brethren," he said, "I ask you this evening to consider to whom these words were spoken, and in what circumstances. They were addressed by Jesus to his disciples, poor, ignorant, fearful fishermen. And where were they? Out, in their frail little fishing boat, in the middle of the Lake; the waves were raging and surging around them, the winds were roaring and howling on all sides and they were powerless—they could not calm the waves or hush the winds. Weak and terrified, they could do nothing for themselves, and they must be lost. But, listen to what He says to them—'Why are ye so fearful? Know you not that I am with you? It is I who have made the winds and waves thus to rise around you; and I alone can still them. They will obey me, their Creator, their Ruler. Ye

are powerless, but I am not; think not of yourselves, but of Me, and be of good cheer.' And, now, what this same Jesus said to these poor fishermen of Galilee, I say to you in His name—'Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid.' We are His disciples; He is with us in the ship; the waves of want and suffering roll over us, the winds of the fury of our enemies roar around us, and we cannot stem the torrent or still the blast of the wicked; yet He can do it for us as for them. In His own good time he will arouse from His seeming slumber, and scatter our enemies and make smooth our paths once more. Why will ye doubt, oh ye of little faith? He has led us even to this day from strength to strength. Nay, do not mock me with those doubting faces. They say to me, where is our strength? You deceive us, we have no strength. I say again, you have been given strength: you have strength even now, though you would deny it with those sorrowful, forlorn looks. I ask you, why have you not yielded to the enemy? You

have been strong. And where did you get your strength? How is it that you have had strength to come here this evening? Why is it that you have not lain down and died? I say it is because of strength this Jesus has given you; and he says to you again to-night, 'I will give you more; I will give you sufficient to the end; only be of good cheer. Remember I am here in the midst of you; why should ye fear? Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not fail.' But, still, you will answer me with those piteous voices of yours—These are words, brave words in sooth, but what are they to us? You tell us to be of good cheer, and we know not what you mean. We have forgotten what it is to be joyful and glad of heart. Our fathers and mothers and brothers lie out there in the cold churchyard; our homes are desolate; our children cry for bread, and we have none to give them; we are hungry, thirsty, worn out, and miserable; and yet you tell us to be of good cheer! The words are a mockery and

a snare to us ; we will none of them. Still, I will repeat them, brethren, in spite of your too true pleadings—‘Be of good cheer, it is I ; be not afraid.’ Could those your hearts are mourning for to-night rise up from the churchyard yonder, they would repeat them too. They would tell you—‘God has wiped away all tears from our eyes ; weep no more for us, only follow on ; overcome as we have overcome, and you shall wear the crown in due time that we are wearing now.’ Be not afraid, either, for those who are still with you ; the Providence which has sustained us to this night will not fail us now. Only tarry ye the Lord’s leisure yet a little longer ; the deliverance will come, be assured of it ; and it will not, it cannot, be long, for the day is truly far spent ; but remember that ‘at evening time it shall be light.’”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

“A sail! a sail appears!  
We hail it with three cheers.”

IN this earnest and hopeful manner the undaunted Walker addressed his congregation, and his words were not without their effect upon their saddened hearts. With brighter faces they turned out of the Cathedral, many of them echoing his last words, “At evening time it shall be light.” A cool evening breeze had sprung up, and they dispersed in all directions about the walls to catch a breath of air after the heat and burden of the day. Suddenly, from the top of the Cathedral, a cry was heard—“A sail! a sail!” Instantaneously the words spread over the whole city, and with straining and doubtful eyes they gazed down the Lough. They had been deceived before; their hearts were sick and weary;

and yet it might be so: had not the minister said but a few minutes before, "At evening time it shall be light?" Was there any light, any hope for them down the never-changing river, glowing in the evening sun? Yes! Was it a dream, that silvery sail? Nay, not one, but two, three, coming on and on—slowly, for the tide was rising, the breeze as yet but light—but still advancing, drawing nearer and yet nearer, bearing hope and life for all within those unconquered walls. It was no dream, but oh, what a hoped-for reality!—those three brave ships: the Mountjoy of Derry, the Phoenix of Coleraine, and the Dartmouth frigate, every moment drawing closer, with the firm resolve of succouring the luckless Maiden City at whatever hazard. On they came, past the Fort of Culmore, through a volley of cannon and small shot from both sides of the river, which they returned in right earnest, up straight to the boom. In a transport of joy and fear, every eye on the walls was strained. Would this barrier prove a bar-

rier indeed against them! Suddenly the foremost ship slackened sail—she stopped, almost! Was it in fear or caution? The wind, which had filled her sails while passing the Fort, fell into a dead calm. For a moment the smoke from the constant firing hides the vessels from their sight, and when it cleared away the Mountjoy was motionless! Hope died within the anxious hearts as the air was rent by loud huzzas from the enemy, firing at the same time all their guns upon her and preparing boats to board her. In the rebound from the boom the Mountjoy had slightly grounded. A vigorous broadside loosed her from her holdings, and a strong tide flowing she righted and once more went boldly at the boom. It was passed! and the Phœnix closely following came in foremost to the quay. The terror was over, relief had come at last, and with one voice the people sent up their cry of joy to Heaven. What a scene of glad confusion ensued on the unloading of those gallant ships! Barrels of meal, casks of beef, fitches of bacon,

kegs of butter, sacks of peas and biscuits; ankers of brandy were rolled on shore; and the hungry garrison received their luxurious rations of flour, beef, and peas. Bonfires blazed all round the walls, the roar of the enemy's cannon was unheeded or drowned in the joyful pealing of bells throughout the happy city. In the morning light the besiegers were seen moving away towards Strabane; only a line of smoking ruins marked the site where their huts had been so long.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

“And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.”

THE siege was raised at last, after one hundred and five days; the enemy was gone from before the walls, abundance of provisions flowed into the town, and, true to the energy and strength of their character, the citizens set themselves to reorganise the defence of the city, and restore its dilapidated streets and houses. Major-General Kirk received an enthusiastic reception from the inhabitants, who looked upon him as their deliverer and offered him the keys of the city as Governor. This honour he declined, and Colonel Mitchelburne was then installed as Governor. It is impossible to describe the

sense of relief and thankfulness which filled the hearts of all within the gallant city, which had so long and unflinchingly stood out against the overwhelming force of the enemy, with every imaginable drawback within her walls to contend against. The successful issue of the struggle tended to deepen and confirm the religious feelings of the people, who felt that it was God alone who had vouchsafed them so marvellous a deliverance; nor can we wonder that to this day the valour of her sons should be celebrated within the walls of Derry.

It was two days after the relief. Katharine had wandered to the river side, enjoying the liberty and air which for so long had been denied. The country never seemed to have looked so beautiful to her before as it did this summer evening: the quiet rippling of the water at her feet and the free broad sky above her calmed and rested her weary spirit. Now that the trial was over, the time for exertion past, a reaction of intense lassitude and loneliness fell upon her heart. The reality that she

would never feel a father's love again, nor the mother-like love of her aunt, came home to her as it had not done before; and she sat now poring over, with a saddened heart, the events of the past months. Wrapt in her own thoughts, she did not hear a footstep behind her, and suddenly hearing a voice she started: it was Hugh.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Katie; and now I have only a moment to bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye!" she echoed, and the colour which his unexpected approach had brought to her face as quickly faded away, and she became very pale. "Why, you are not going so soon! It seems so sudden: you did not tell me before."

"I did not know myself. You know I have volunteered for further service, and I have, about an hour ago, received an order to join the troops at Inch immediately; in ten minutes I must be off."

"Oh, Hugh, what shall we do without you? Why did you say you would go?"

"I thought it would be better for all

parties," he said, coldly. "There is no reason why I should stay here. This victory must be followed up, and we have no right to sit quietly down; we must help those who have helped us. Duncan, of course, will stay; those who have ties, as he has, are perfectly right to stay, and the town must not be deserted; but for men like me there seems to be no alternative."

His forced cold manner effectually drove away the trembling which had seized Katharine. With a strong effort she calmed herself, and answered, with a coolness rivalling his own—"It is a pity you should go before they are married. Aileen tells me it is not to be delayed now."

"It should not be delayed. But I cannot stay, nor would I wish to do so."

She looked at him with surprise. What had come over him? All his softness had vanished: he was the old cold, proud, Cousin Hugh.

"You are surprised," he said; "but you do not understand; and why should you? I had several matters to speak to you about,

but there is no time now. All, however, is, I hope, satisfactorily arranged for you."

"Oh, yes. Aileen says her marriage is to make no difference between us. We will all live on in the old house—I could not bear to leave it—and the Campbell children will remain with us till some arrangement is made with their relations, if any can be found."

"Horace has set his heart on becoming a sailor, and I have promised, if I see any opening, to let him know. I have also arranged about Fitzgerald. He may leave when he likes—though I don't suppose he will be in a hurry."

He looked at her as if to read her face, but she stood gazing silently down into the river, seeming scarcely to have heard his words.

"She is afraid I will question her," he thought; and then he said aloud—"I must go now, Katharine. I trust that you will be happy; and remember that Cousin Hugh will always be your true friend, come what may."

“Yes, I know,” she said, not trusting herself to look up. “Good-bye, Cousin Hugh, we will miss you dreadfully; you have been so good, so kind all this time.”

Silently he held her hand for a moment, and then he was gone.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

“And fare thee weel, my only luvie,  
And fare thee weel a while;  
And I will come again, my luvie,  
Tho’ it were ten thousand mile.”

ANOTHER parting was going on not far off. Pat Mackinnon was to accompany Hugh, at Pat’s earnest desire. With a tact and feeling rare in his position he felt that he could not press his suit with Janet at present. But when the sudden news of their departure came, his feelings well-nigh overcame him.

“Janet,” he said, “I’m going straight away now, with Captain Hugh.”

“This very day! Pat?”

“Yes, lassie; the boats are ready—it’s down the Lough we’re going; an’ it may be many a long day before we’re back in the old city. Will you think long for us now, I wonder, Janet?”

“Ay, and that we will, Pat. It’s a sore day to see one’s friends going away; and the time will pass but slowly till you come back.”

“Will it now, Janet? An’ if I thought so, my heart would go away light.”

“We have aye been good friends, Pat; and we’ll no doubt miss you.”

“But, Janet, will you promise to think of me sometimes when I’m far away, and wish for me to come back?”

He spoke so earnestly, she scarcely knew how to answer him, and he went on—

“Janet, you were tender to me when I lay yonder sick an’ weak; an’ in spite of myself I thought more of you than perhaps you know. I can’t think you care for me now, Janet; but maybe the Lord Himself may soften your heart toward me when I’m far away in the wars. I don’t ask you to say a word now, only that you’ll think kindly of the poor fellow that loves you with all his heart. Good-bye now, lassie; perhaps after all I may never come back to trouble you.”

“You would not trouble me, Pat, I think,” she said. “Good-bye. Thank you for not saying more now—you know how heavy my heart has been. But I’ll often think of you, and pray that you may come back safe.” And so they parted, with more hope and a better understanding than Hugh and Katharine had done.

When Katharine looked up, Hugh was gone. She was alone with the quiet river, which would tell no tales of the sadness of her heart. Sitting down, she buried her face in her hands, and, unrestrained, she cried as she had not cried since she had been a child. He had gone; she had deceived herself; he didn’t care; he had himself said he had no ties; and now she was alone. Her father gone; Aunt Hester, too; Aileen and Duncan were all in all to each other; there was no one whom she had any right to be first with. She would have to learn now what it was to stand alone. She must unlearn the lesson of dependence she had learned all these months, dependence on one on whom she

had no right to depend; one who had gone willingly, gladly almost, not caring for her more than any one else. After the first violence of her grief was over, she sat quietly thinking out these thoughts, and then all the pride of her nature rose up and drove out her softer feelings. Katharine was proud—perhaps, in her own way, just as proud as Hugh. She had deceived herself, but the dream was over now, and her heart could be quite as hard as his. She would never think of him again but as the Cousin Hugh of old times, disagreeable often, and always cold and silent. No one should ever guess what in these few minutes she had suffered; she would be the same Katharine Fairfax as of old: not caring for any one, free in thought and feeling, going her own way and letting every one go theirs. Strengthening herself with these resolutions, she wandered away by the river-side till the evening shades gathered round her, and then she turned homewards, with all traces of her sorrow put away.

## CHAPTER XXX.

“Oh, sweetheart and comfort! with thee by my side  
I could love and live happy, whatever betide.”

“WHAT a long time you have been out, Katie,” said her sister, when she came in.

“Yes; it was so pleasant to be out in the fields again. What have you been doing since? when I went out you said you would follow me.”

“So I intended; but Duncan came in and wanted to talk. We were so surprised to find Hugh was off so soon. Did he find you?” and she looked inquisitively at Katharine.

“Oh yes; he came down to the river.”

“Were you not surprised to hear of his sudden start?”

“Yes, indeed; I had no idea he would have to go so soon; I told him he ought to wait, at least, for your wedding.”

"I think it is very odd he didn't try to do that," said Aileen; "I hoped you would have persuaded him."

"I didn't try," said Katharine, lightly. "Besides, it would have been no use, he could not disobey his military orders."

"It will seem so strange, so odd, without him; I don't know how we shall get on," said Aileen.

"Oh, as he has often said himself, nobody is missed; and we must learn to get on by ourselves. We could not expect him to stay shut up in the town any longer; I'm sure he's had quite enough of it all this time. He has not the same attraction Duncan has, you know, Aily dear."

With forced gaiety she said this; and then, hastily changing the subject, said—

"But what had Duncan to say? Have you made any further arrangements?"

"Yes, indeed; you will be surprised to hear that Duncan came in to tell me that Mr. Walker is ordered to London with despatches; so, if he is to marry us, it must be immediately—within two days."

"Oh, Aileen! will you leave me so soon?"

"I am not going to leave you at all, Katie, darling. You know we shall all be together still; and it will make no difference between you and me: nothing will ever do that, Katie."

"It is all very well to say that," said Katharine, almost petulantly. "I know very well how it will be, and, of course, it is right that it should be so; and, after all, when it is to be, it is better that it should be at once. Have you settled when?"

"The day after to-morrow, Duncan says."

"And you say so too. You know you are just as much in love as Duncan."

And so it was. Aileen, with her quiet, undemonstrative nature, had given her heart undivided to the brave young soldier, and, as their hands were joined by Mr. Walker in the old Cathedral, now so associated in their minds with their deepest feelings, she had no doubts nor misgivings to disturb the peace and thankfulness which

filled her heart when thinking that, mid all the dangerous scenes Duncan had passed through, God had kept him to be her comfort now. It was a very quiet wedding, Mr. Walker and Colonel Murray being the only additions to their home party. The ceremony had been early, and, as they sat over their usual breakfast, Colonel Murray, looking round, said—

“Fairfax should have got leave to stay with us over this morning; it is an unpardonable desertion. Do you not think so, Mrs. M‘Pherson?”

Aileen, blushing and smiling to hear her new title so soon, said—“Indeed, I did all I could to keep him; but he said his orders were imperative.”

“Friends in trouble should be friends in joy too,” said Walker. “Captain Fairfax was one of our best officers, ready at every emergency, prompt and cheerful. There is not a man, woman, nor child in the town who has not some good word to say of him; and what he was abroad I doubt not that, in a higher degree, he was at home.”

As he spoke, he turned an inquiring look to Katharine, who sat next to him.

"My cousin was every possible comfort to us," she replied. "He is one of those persons who require some emergency to draw them out. If he were with us to-day he would be quite different."

"Yes; Hugh came out wonderfully during the siege," said Duncan. "He forgot his natural reserve, and only thought of what he could do for every one. There is not a better nor truer man under the sun than he is."

"And he knows how to fight, too, I can tell you," said Murray.

"It is a pity he cannot hear all this praise of himself," said Katharine. "I must add my mite to it by saying that he can contradict and argue, for the mere sake of argument, better than any one I ever saw. Don't you remember all our old arguments, Aileen?"

For the sole purpose of keeping up the conversation and bearing her part in it, Katharine said this.

“Indeed I do, Katie: you never lost the opportunity of having a battle-royal with him. You ought to miss him in that way, at any rate. I wonder will he be long away? Do you think it is likely, Colonel Murray?”

“It is very hard to say, the country seems in a very disturbed state still: we have by no means come to the end of our troubles. I hear a rumour of a fresh force coming from England, and, if so, we shall have to be all ready to join and augment their numbers when they come.”

“The defeat at Newtownbutler was a great blow to James’s hopes, I should say,” remarked Duncan.

“It seems to have been a most complete victory, and most unexpected, too,” said Walker. “Did you hear of the panic that seized the army retreating from here when the news of it reached them?”

“No,” said Murray; “but it would take but little to frighten them, I expect. They were pretty well cowed when they made off from under our walls.”

"I heard that on marching to Lifford, where the news met them, many of them broke their guns, threw them into the river, and fled."

"Is it possible?" said Murray. "I wonder what the Marshal thinks now. But nothing would put that man down."

"They will rally again in fresh force," said Duncan. "There is a good deal of heroism among them, too: that is, among the honest ones. That young fellow we had here, Fitzgerald, he is a fine specimen; as bold as a lion, and with the highest idea of the honour of a gentleman."

"What were his real opinions?" asked Walker.

"That we had cast off our allegiance; were traitors, in fact, fighting in a mistaken cause altogether. To fight under James's banner was to him a privilege and an honour; to desert him the basest and lowest of cowardice. He is a Protestant, too, which makes it the more extraordinary."

"What did he say as to that? Was religion anything to him?" said Walker.

“He was, as well as I could gather, a serious-minded man; but his predominant idea was allegiance to the Crown; and James, he said, would never trouble himself to interfere with his way of worship.”

“He has left you, I suppose?” said Murray, turning to Aileen.

“Oh yes; my cousin Hugh arranged his ransom before he left. Captain Fitzgerald’s mother would have willingly given all she had, I think, to set him free; and, of course, once the terms were agreed upon he was not inclined to stay any longer than he could help inside these hated walls, which were the dreariest of prisons to him.”

“Still, he was sorry to say good-bye, I think,” said Katharine; “he said he hoped to come back again some happier time. We miss him very much; he was so kindly and grateful for the least attention.”

“Where has he gone to now? to his friends, I suppose?” asked Walker.

“Yes, to his mother; but only just to

see her. He is burning to be again on service," said Duncan, "and he is as sanguine of success as ever, and as firm in his convictions which he holds as honestly as any man."

"It is inexpressibly sad to me," said Walker, "to see a country like this divided against itself, with so much that is true and upright on both sides."

"It is not the people themselves who are really at enmity," said Murray; "it is her unfortunate rulers whom we must blame. James and his advisers once out of the country, Ireland might be free and happy."

"Yes," replied Walker; "and if King William is wise he will ignore all differences in this country arising from race or creed, and treat all alike as subjects of his realm."

"Do you know, Mr. Walker," said Katharine, "I envy you the opportunity of seeing the King and Queen so soon. I wonder will they ask you many questions about the siege."

"I promise you, Mistress Katharine, a

full, true, and particular account of my expedition when I return ; and now I must take farewell of you all. Derry has bound all our hearts in true friendship, which, I hope, will last for ever."



## CHAPTER XXXI.

“Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return ;  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood.”

FERGUS FITZGERALD lost no time in following Geraldine and her mother to their home. They lived ten or fifteen miles from his own place, in a comfortable old-fashioned farmhouse which had belonged to the Rosses for years. Being Protestant settlers in the country they had no social intercourse with the Irish inhabitants ; and Owen Ross, Geraldine's father, was an old enemy of Angus Fitzgerald. By an unforeseen accident Fergus had become acquainted with them, and fallen in love with the beautiful young Geraldine. His father would countenance no engagement ; and his mother, not wishing to oppose her husband's wishes, did all in her power to

draw Fergus away from the connexion. Her efforts had been in vain, for Fergus, gay and careless as he was in many ways, was true to his love as to his honour. Anxiously he now took the familiar turn to the house, picturing to himself the joy and pleasure he would see on Geraldine's pretty face when she recognised him. He little dreamed of the sad sight he should see. The old homestead was a blackened ruin burnt to the ground, and Geraldine's picturesque little garden uprooted and abandoned. The same dismal sight had awaited Mrs. Ross and her daughter when, relieved from their forlorn position under the walls of the city, they had sought their home. The Rapparees, for the most part themselves ruined, homeless peasants, recklessly roaming about the country, thought only of the amount of mischief they could effect, and many a pleasant home shared the same fate. Full of anxiety, Fergus hastily went in search of the loved inmates of the desolate ruin. Led by a peasant boy, he reached a low mud hut. Was it in

a home like this he should find Geraldine? Yes; there she was, kneeling by the dying bed of her mother, whose strength could not bear the continued privation and hardship.

“Oh, Geraldine! is it here I find you?”

“Fergus at last!” was the poor girl’s reply, when his voice roused her.

He would hardly have known her, so changed was she with suffering and sorrow.

“Thank God!” said her mother. “My child, you will not be left desolate now.”

“Fergus, you will do something for her; she must not die!” said the almost orphan girl.

“You must be got out of this hovel at once,” he said. “I will see what can be done.”

“Oh don’t leave us now! say you will stay!” said Geraldine, appealingly.

“I will not leave you, but I will send a message to my mother. You must be moved to my house.”

His house, as we have said, was some ten or fifteen miles distant, in a secluded

Donegal valley, out of the wash of the tide of civil war. It had been originally one of those strong granges, with a bawn for cattle, which the planters under the settlement of the First James had been obliged to build and occupy as a condition of their grant of Irish land. Like many other such conditions, this was observed rather in the letter than the spirit, and the Grange of Rath-sallagh had been passed by the grantee to the Anglo-Irish Catholic whose son was now its master. The house stood on a slightly rising ground, overlooking the narrow valley which comprised the home-fields of the Grange. High, barren mountains bounded the view on all sides and formed a natural enclosure to the little settlement. Notwithstanding, however, its almost impregnable situation the house was built to suit the disturbed character of the times, with all the necessary means for defence. A deep moat enclosed the green mound from which the grey stone walls rose strong and massive, two storeys high, with a straight, steep roof, projecting at

each corner into a bartizan, or turret tower, which commanded an extensive view of the country. The house had a gloomy appearance, from the narrowness of the small latticed windows and the heavy iron stanchions in the lower range. They were rusty and moss-covered now, but along the sunny side of the house the walls were clothed with ivy and other luxuriant creepers. A broad, terraced walk ran all round the house, from whence the grass sloped down to the moat through which in winter a mountain stream flowed noisily on its way to the valley below. To a stranger's eye it would present a dreary, desolate, almost prison-like aspect; but here Fergus had passed his happy boyhood, nor would he change it for all the lordly palaces in the kingdom. It was a home to him; his father's home before him: all his mother's married days had been spent within those old grey walls; and now he hastily resolved it must for ever more also be Geraldine's home.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

“A sober, sad, and comely, courteous dame.”

IN her lonely home Mrs. Fitzgerald watched for tidings of her son. The news of his release from Derry had reached her, and she knew that once released he would lose no time in coming to her. She was a handsome, middle-aged woman, with a sad, anxious expression; but calm and quiet, as one who had had strength in all her hours of sorrow. Her life was solitary: her husband, for whom she had left her native land and kindred, was long since dead; and her eldest son, since the war had begun, was scarcely ever at home. As she paced up and down the moat walk, she thought of the pleasant home of her girlhood and the early teaching of her father, who had been an eminent Protestant. Her heart smote her to think

that that father's grandson should have taken up arms against the champion of his religion and her own countrymen.

"A message, madam, from the Captain," said a servant, approaching.

Eagerly the mother took the note. It was a hurried scrawl, with the words—"Dear Mother—I am on my way to you. Geraldine Ross, and her mother, who is dying, are homeless. I ask you, for the love you bear me, to receive them at once. Send an answer by bearer.—Ever your true and dutiful son—FERGUS."

For a moment Mrs. Fitzgerald's usual composure was disturbed. The request was startling; for, with all a woman's instinct, she took in what the end must be if she consented to the Rosses becoming inmates of her house. The fond hope which she had nursed, that in the excitement of active service her son would forget his boyish fancy, fell instantly to the ground, and all her old prejudices against the alliance rose up in her mind. Why should her Fergus, her only hope and comfort,

throw himself away—for so it appeared to her—on a portionless girl, belonging, besides, to a family his father had never loved? It was not possible, she thought, that the girl could suit her son in any way. Doubtless, she was a bold, artful lass, who had set herself to steal away her son's affections, with the prospect of establishing herself in his mother's place in the old household. Could her son be happy with such a wife? And would it be right for her to let him compromise himself so decidedly without an effort to prevent the sacrifice?

A feeling of cruel jealousy smote her heart. Why had he not come home straight to her, his mother, instead of seeking out those people first, who would darken, by their irksome presence, the joy of his home-coming? And again she thought of a cloud she had seen on her son's face, one day long past, when she had expressed her dislike to his intimacy with a family at variance with his father. What if he would come back to her now with a shadow on his life, a shadow she had

caused by a refusal of his request? The remembrance of her own young days rose up in her thoughts, when she had stood—oh, so long ago it seemed now!—in a pleasant English garden, by the side of one as young and bright as Fergus now was; a shade, too, on that well-remembered face as it bent over her with the question—“Can you leave all, brave all, for me?” And then she remembered how for the moment she forgot father, mother, home, and all, as she answered in words which changed that face as with a magic spell to the bright, happy look which it ever afterwards had worn for her. Could they have borne any one to come between them then? No; it was impossible. And now could she venture to interpose between Fergus and his hopes? It might drive him away from her for ever. And then she read the note again; and, come what might, she thought he must have his way. “He has ever been a good son to me; I must consider his wishes now.”

Hurrying into the house, she wrote a

hasty assent, and, despatching the messenger, turned to prepare for the reception of the unexpected and scarcely welcome guests.

It was not till the following evening was closing in that Fergus arrived, and with him but one lonely little figure. Geraldine's mother had passed away, and she alone came for shelter to Fergus's mother. Silently he led her in, and his mother never forgot the sad young face which looked out so timidly from the dark folds of the large cloak which was pulled over the girl's head. Her beautiful blue eyes were filled with tears, her fair hair falling about her pale face made her look so young and childish, and she had such a helpless, pleading look that the mother's heart was melted at once.

"Come to me, my poor child, let me comfort you;" and she tenderly folded her in her arms.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

“Nae langer she wept—her tears were a’ spent ;  
Despair it was come, and she thought it content.  
She thought it content ; but the cheek it grew pale,  
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail.”

KATHARINE had deceived herself again. She had mistaken her powers if she thought she could put away the new influence which had crept over her life and worked its way into the innermost depths of her heart, never again to be effaced. The dream was not over, nor would the waking ever come when she should rouse up to be the same fancy-free Katharine, and Hugh the cousin, to laugh at and with, to contradict and cavil with as of old. She had over-reckoned her strength in this matter ; and, instead of settling down once more to the old home life, the brightness and spirit of it all, a dark cloud came over

her, tinging all her thoughts, and at times even making her petulant and bitter to those she lived with and truly loved. To the poor little orphan children, she was ever the same, and the constant care of them was her only pleasure. Aileen could not fathom the mystery. She had been surprised at Hugh's sudden departure, and at first Katharine's usual manner deceived her into the belief that there was not, and never could be, anything between them. She was so contentedly happy herself, she did not notice at first any great change in Katharine, thinking that as time went on she would settle down and be cheerful and bright as of old. At last, one day, seeing her sister more silent than usual, she said, tenderly—

“Katie, dear, I fear we are failing to make the old home as pleasant to you as before. You are sad and silent. Tell me, what can we do to make you happy?”

Katharine started, angry to find she had allowed any difference in herself to appear. She answered hastily—“I don't see why you

should say that, Aileen. I am sure I talk as much as ever I did. You cannot expect me to be as merry as when I was a mere child, when we were all happy together, before this weary time. It is unreasonable, I think."

"I did not mean to annoy you, Katharine," said Aileen, seeing the angry flush on her sister's face; "only I was afraid you thought Duncan and I were too much taken up with ourselves, and that you felt neglected. You know, dear Katie, how fond Duncan and I are of you. We want to do all we can to make you happy."

"Then let me alone, and I shall be all right. You need not trouble yourselves about me; I am quite contented, though, of course, not at the height of felicity you and Duncan are in."

She spoke hastily, and it was Aileen's turn to look hurt now—

"Katie, I did not think you would ever want *me* to let you alone."

Katharine was touched; she felt that her words had been unkind and ungracious.

“Never mind, Aileen, it is not really the truth; I was cross. You know I cannot do without your care of me, only don’t vex yourself about me; I am not worth it. I must go and see after those children now.”

“You tire yourself with them, I think,” said Aileen.

“No, indeed; I delight in them. I would be very dull, in truth, were it not for them. I hope that old aunt of theirs won’t be in a hurry to carry them off.”

Away she went, leaving Aileen not half satisfied that there was not some secret reason for her unwonted moodiness.

Katharine was provoked, sadly provoked, that she had not had better command over herself, and it only made her heart heavier and sadder than ever. She felt deserted by all her better feelings, all her good angels; left alone even by the God to whom she had ever looked for help in every trouble. But she was not to be left thus to harden. That very evening, a word from a child helped to bring back some of the power she had lost. Called by

Horace to his bedside, that night, she sat down by him, in the dark, as she often did before he went to sleep.

“Katie,” he said, “I want you to tell me how we know that God is good.”

She was silent a minute: the question seemed one she could not answer. How had God been good to her lately? Had He not darkened all her life—taken away those she loved? Good! Nothing was good; all was wretched and miserable. Was God good at all?

“If He be good,” went on the boy, “would He not give us everything that was good and pleasant?”

“I suppose He does, Horace,” she said gloomily.

“A good man would not have made us all sorry, as God has made us now. You have often told us God took away papa and mamma and little Mary. Was that good?”

“We cannot understand His reasons for these things, Horace, dear. I daresay if we could see your parents now, we should see them happier than they ever were here.”

"But I am not."

"Then, perhaps, God wants to make you wish to go to them."

"I do wish. When I was coming back to the town that last time I went with the message, and the enemy carried me away, I wished—oh so much!—I could die."

"You only wanted to get away from the misery, Horace. Most likely you are not ready to go to heaven yet. God has some work for you to do in the world—I suppose He has to show you how good He is."

"And has He shown you that He is good, Katie?"

"I can't say, Horace, dear. It is ver late; you must go to sleep now; we have talked enough to-night."

The words she had spoken to the boy came back to her thoughts. "I have been shutting my eyes," she said to herself, "to the good that God would show me. I must live the life He would have me lead now, and trust that He will show me His goodness and love at last."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

“ Now change the scene, and let the trumpet sound,  
For we must rouse the lion from his lair.”

IN the meantime, how was it with Hugh? The idea that Katharine and Fergus cared for each other—in fact, were meant for each other and suited each other exactly—had grown in his mind each day. Resolutely facing the inevitable, he had determined to go his own way and bear the fate which, it was plain, he had been born to. It was nobody’s fault, he said to himself; “ I could not expect a bright, lively girl like Katharine to care for a dark, moody fellow like me; it would not have been natural if Fergus had not thought of her or she of him.” They were among the happy of the earth ; he, by temperament and circumstance, must walk along the lonely paths of life, and find his pleasure in

his duty. He would bear no malice, nor did he: the sternness of his nature had been so softened by the scenes of the past months that the bitterness which had been growing up in his heart was almost rooted out. Life was hard enough for every one without his adding to any one's portion a bitter word, or even thought; and, after all, whether in joy or sorrow, life would soon be over for all; the race would soon be run, the goal won. Thoughts such as these had come to him many a time in the silent night watches on the city walls. God had taught him to understand that in giving the darkest lot in life He might still be good and merciful. He was proud too, and no one should guess that he, a soldier, had ever known what disappointment was.

Towards the end of August the troops intended for the Irish expedition began to assemble at Chester. Among their number there were many refugee Anglo-Irish, who had fled to England at the commencement of the war, and were now summoned to lay aside the merry pastimes and careless,

easy life they had enjoyed among their hospitable English friends and kindred to join the standard of the Duke of Schonberg, to whom William had committed the command of his army in Ireland. This brave old captain was one of the wonders of the day. He was now beginning life again at eighty years of age, having laid down the truncheon of a Marshal of France, and resigned a splendid income for conscience sake. He had come to reconquer Leinster, Connaught, and Munster. His career had been a chequered one. Beginning his military life under Frederic Henry Prince of Orange and his son William, he passed from thence into the French service; became acquainted with Condé and Turenne, and obtained the government of Gravelines and Furnes. In 1691 he made a successful expedition to Spain; but on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes left France, and became a Minister of State to the Elector of Brandenburg. Subsequently Schonberg accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, was created a peer, and made a Knight of the

Garter. He was still a vigorous soldier, bearing these honours, the reward of his great virtues and abilities, with a grace and dignity which could not be mistaken. In person he was of middle height, well-proportioned, and with the fair, healthy complexion of a man who has ever led an active, temperate life. His sprightly manners and courteous bearing contrasted agreeably with the blunt Dutch officers, who could not free themselves from the stiff formalities of their national deportment, and thus threw the English hopelessly back on their own natural coldness and restraint, never easy to throw off. The Duke, however, had that rare gift of catching the tone of the society in which he found himself, and his knowledge of the English language enabled him easily to adopt the habits and customs of the country. This was the general who was now on his way to Ireland in command of twenty-three newly-levied English regiments, two Dutch battalions and four of French refugees.

The Court in Dublin had been well-nigh

overwhelmed by disasters in the North—the relief of Derry, and, almost at the same time, the signal defeat of the Jacobites at the battle of Newtownbutler. James was bewildered, terrified; but the nation was still undaunted. The people rose unhesitatingly to drive back the English, to strike one blow more in defence of their religion and freedom. The ranks which had been thinned in the last campaign were re-organized, the whole country presenting an appearance of stirring preparation. The English were coming, Ulster was lost, but there was hope still. James, whose presence was no safeguard, must repair to France, and reporting upon the state of affairs in Ireland, bring back a reinforcement from the French Government. Meanwhile Schonberg landed in Antrim, and was quickly joined by armed colonists from every quarter, and also by the regiments under Major-General Kirk's command. Thus, both parties were prepared to carry on the struggle with fresh energy.

Hugh Fairfax, firm in his resolution,

eagerly hailed the chance of active service. Unwilling to trust himself again in the old home circle, he arranged to proceed without delay to the general army. There was scanty facility for communication with distant friends in those days, and he had heard but little of home since he had left it. He wrote now to tell them of his determination, and he anxiously looked forward to the reply, to learn how matters stood with those who were hardly ever out of his thoughts. His hands trembled as he recognised Katharine's handwriting, clear and distinct, though perhaps a little formal, as people wrote in those days:—"Dear Cousin Hugh," it began, "it was a pleasure to us to hear from you, and to learn that you are well and happy." "How does she know that last fact, I wonder," he said to himself. The letter went on—"All here in the old house are the same. We are distressed to hear that the country is arming anew, and that you find it necessary to join the general force without seeing us again: we hoped at least to have seen you on your

way from Inch; the time seems long since you have been with us. The Campbell children are here still, and while the country is so disturbed they cannot travel to join their friends: they are well, and keep the house alive. Horace is anxious to be doing something, and would like to go with you to the wars. Janet wishes me to acknowledge Pat's message, which she received, kindly. I wonder will you ever come across Fergus; we hear he has lost no time in joining his regiment again. With our united good wishes, and prayers for your safety and the success of the cause, I am, as ever, your affectionate cousin,

“KATHARINE.

“P.S.—You will let us hear from you when possible.”

With feelings of disappointment Hugh folded up the letter. Not that he had any reason for disappointment, for the answer was exactly what he expected, and he knew that he had no right to charge his cousin with coldness, as her letter was expressed in the terms she had always

used to him, and was a counterpart in style of his note to her. She had said, too, that the time was long since he had been with them; but why did she mention Fergus? and she was evidently in communication with him. At any rate, he had done wisely in leaving home, and in determining not to be in a hurry to return.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

*“Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos, quam proximitas sanguinis apud suos.”*

BEFORE the walls of the town of Carrickfergus Hugh joined Schonberg's army. This town was occupied by two regiments of James's infantry. In a week they capitulated, and Schonberg, having promised that they should depart unharmed, was obliged to exert his personal valour, pistol in hand, to prevent the “Irish-Scotch” from falling upon the disarmed Irish, so intense was the feeling of revenge in the minds of the colonists for the ills they had suffered. Schonberg proceeded onwards through a desolate country, meeting with but little opposition, till, on reaching Dundalk, he was within a day's march of the enemy, who had rapidly assembled from all

quarters, James's standard being raised from the tower of Drogheda.

Near Dundalk Schonberg's army was entrenched. Outside his tent, enjoying the coolness of the evening air, the old general sat, with his officers around him; for he was a social, accomplished man of the world, as well as a brave soldier. His genial nature drew towards him in kindly intercourse all the wit and spirit of his followers; and, while he entered unreservedly into their lightheartedness, encouraging by his example their interchange of hospitalities, and adding to their rough cordiality the taste and sprightliness of his foreign manners, he never forgot for a moment the standard of right which he had firmly set before him. A record of this fact remains in an order which he issued to his officers to exert their utmost power to put down the habit among the soldiers of cursing and swearing on all occasions; a habit fraught with "much sin and little profit." In the present campaign he had much to endure; and it needed all his good humour to keep

peace and goodwill among the undisciplined and strangely-assorted troops which made up his army. The tenderness, generosity and chivalrous bearing which displayed themselves so manifestly to Madame de Sevigné as to lead her to an expression of envy for the happiness of the woman who had Schonberg for a husband, here stood him in good stead and overcame all difficulties.

Beside him this evening sat a new-comer to the camp. But surely we know that kindly, honest face, and that bluff figure in the flowing cassock? Yes; it was no other than George Walker, with his straightforward speech and firm, resolute voice. Returning from his mission in London, he had lost no time in entering once more the field of action.

“You have travelled far, to-day, Dr. Walker?” said the Duke.

“Two days ago I was within the walls of Derry, General; and I lost no time on the road, I can assure you.”

“You are welcome here, sir: we need

all the clear heads and willing hands in Ireland."

"The enemy are near; almost within sight, I understand?" said Walker.

"They are within an easy march; and at present I fear it will not be prudent to lessen the distance between us."

"I thought the issue would be decided in a pitched battle at once?"

"Many others have been of the same opinion, sir; but, though my eyes are not as young as they used to be, I can see pretty far still; and it does not appear to me that yonder troops are in any fit state to take the field; that is, with any reasonable probability of success. I am cautious, you see, sir; and if I fight I would fain do it once for all."

"Your troops cannot, surely, be more undisciplined than the Irish?"

"That may be; I cannot pronounce on that matter; but I would prefer that my musketeers would learn how to load their pieces, my dragoons to manage their horses, and my officers to command their companies before I lead them to the field."

“ You are right in this argument, most unquestionably, I should say,” replied Walker ; “ but how comes it that the English army is in so deficient a condition ? ”

“ This question I cannot answer you, Dr. Walker ; my expectations in the matter have been sadly disappointed. I find my men ill-armed, ill-lodged, and ill-clad. The fault must be in some quarter, but I can effect no redress ; and it is upon this point I particularly wish for your advice. A statement of these facts must be conveyed to the Government in London, and I look to you to devise the means. I find provisions, clothing, and ammunition almost entirely wanting ; and I cannot but believe that there is some grave mistake somewhere. A trusty person must be found to investigate these disasters, and communicate their existence to the higher powers in England.”

“ I am your servant, General, for any undertaking ; and I know the way to London pretty well by this time.”

Thus it was arranged that Walker should report the state of affairs to William, who

sent over a commission to inquire into the disorders which so distressed Schonberg. Much conspiracy and defection were discovered, and speedily removed ; but it was too late to stay the progress of disease and mortality which had set in ; the effect of bad food, scanty clothing, the unaccustomed dampness of the climate, and the utter absence of proper medicaments to check the fatal maladies which carried the English off by hundreds. James's army, natives of the country, inured to the damp and vapours which the heavy autumn rains produced, did not fare so badly ; and they increased in strength and daring as their enemies declined.

The Irish were not slow to express their unbounded satisfaction at the manifest suffering of the English ; but still there were at this time many instances of generosity and nobility shown on both sides in cases of private distress.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

“A decent boldness ever meets with friends,  
Succeeds, and ev’n a stranger recommends.”

THE short autumn evening was closing in over the desolate-looking camp of the English. The town of Dundalk lay between them and the enemy, and at one side the restless murmur of the sea might be heard—that sea into which the Irish boasted they would speedily drive them, or else “they would die of themselves.” This last prophecy seemed the most likely to be fulfilled, for, as day by day, passed, disease increased and death carried off fresh victims. It was a still, damp evening, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard in the camp but the monotonous pacing to and fro of the sentries. Mournful little groups were scattered about round the tents; the weariness of inaction had fallen

upon them, and whispered grumblings might be heard as they talked over the brief answer of their General, when they urged him repeatedly to open fire on the enemy—"Let them alone."

A small party of horsemen, bearing a flag of truce, was seen approaching the bounds of the camp. A trumpet was sounded, and answered by the bluff voice of the English sentry—

"Who goes there?"

"We are from the Irish army, and beg a parley."

"Your business?"

"Permission to enter your camp," replied one of the party in the dress of a priest. "I am a man of peace, as you see," he said; "and my errand is to seek out some of my wandering flock. I would crave an interview with your General."

"You aim high, my friend," replied the sentry; "the General would be loth to spend much of his time with you, I reckon."

"In the name of God, and in His service alone, I ask this privilege."

“It is more likely in the devil’s service you mean, man,” said the sentry, with rude irony, which the priest bore with meek but manly composure.

Some officers drawing near to hear the discussion interfered, and, questioning the party closely, gave orders for their admission. Closely guarded, they were admitted to the Duke’s tent. The priest’s mission was to beg the release of a few poor peasants, who had been driven along with herds of cattle which the English had seized. These poor people were but an incumbrance to the camp, where there were mouths enough to feed; and the priest, whom the Duke’s quick eye discerned as an honest shepherd of his flock, was allowed liberty to seek out his stray sheep. He was accompanied by a tall, soldierly-looking young man, who now came forward, and, bending low to the Duke, began his appeal—

“Sir, I am an Irish officer, and I have seized the opportunity of entering your camp in company with this priest, whom

you have received with such courtesy. Emboldened by his success, I ask also for a favour from your hands."

The Duke, pleased with the frank bearing of the young man, answered kindly—"Any favour that is in my power to confer as from one soldier and gentleman to another, you may command from me, young sir."

"I have a friend in your army, sir; one to whom I am bound by ties of gratitude. I was his prisoner once, and he was as kind to me as a brother. I have heard rumours of his dangerous illness, sir; and I would ask your Excellency's permission to see him, and, if necessary, to minister to his comfort."

For a moment the Duke was inclined to put little faith in the truth of this story. He was cautious; and might not this be the clever manœuvre of a spy to insinuate himself into their midst? He looked keenly at the young man, but in those clear-cut features and wide, honest blue eyes he could notice no trace of falsehood. At any rate, for the present he could do but little

harm ; it was easy to watch him. He would leave him at liberty to carry out his designs, and time would soon prove his truth. He watched the eager look of ingenuous pleasure on the young man's face as he gave orders to one of his officers to see that the stranger's wishes were carried out.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

“ Ah, rest!—no rest but change of place and posture ;  
Ah, sleep!—no sleep but worn-out Nature’s swoon.”

HUGH had led an active life since he had joined the army. There was much to be done in disciplining the troops and struggling against the many hardships which none could escape from. He tended the sick and dying, and exerted himself indefatigably to see every precaution of cleanliness and care carried out to counteract the evils of insufficient accommodation and ungenial weather. Overworked and anxious, he took ill himself at last, and was laid prostrate in a tedious fever. Alone and helpless on his sick bed, he wearily turned from side to side to seek ease. His lips were parched and burning, but he had no water within reach. While he was thus suffering, alone and desolate, with no friend

near to speak one word of comfort, no ready hand to minister to his fevered, aching frame; how sadly his thoughts turned to the kind faces of his home life, and the warm hearts whose tender sympathy he knew so well. In the gathering twilight of the short autumn evening, he pictured to himself the dark, soft eyes of one whom he loved more than all; and he wondered, were she to see him now, would her heart turn to him in pity—would she tend him as he had seen her tend her father, with anxious loving care—would she lay her cool hand on his burning brow, and speak words of comfort and peace in that quiet, soothing voice? And then again he thought, even were she near, it could not be. Was not her heart given to another; her troth, doubtless, plighted? What had he to hope from her now? He must live his lonely life, or die. Yes, if he could but pass away now from weariness and pain. Thus he mused on and on, till he sank into an almost unconscious state, when he was aroused by a noise:

the ragged canvas of his tent was pushed aside, and a figure stood in the doorway—

“Is Captain Fairfax here?” said a kindly Irish voice.

The tent was dark, and, coming in from the light, the stranger could not distinguish the inmate of it.

“I am here,” said Hugh, feebly; “what do you want? I have fever.”

“That does not matter to me; I came to see how you are, Hugh. Don’t you know me?”

“Fergus! can it be you in our camp?”

“Here I am; but say you are glad to see me, and I will tell you how I managed.”

“Glad! yes, I am glad. But give me some water, and I will be able to speak better.”

“To think that I should find you here alone with no one to give you a drop of water! What would they say in Derry, Hugh?”

“But how came you here?”

“I guessed you must be in the camp, as

I knew you had joined the army long ago; and I heard by accident that you were ill, and determined to make you out; I got leave to come, and through the kindness of your General, quickly found you in this miserable den."

"You must not stay," said Hugh; "the fever may be infectious. Leave the water near me, and go."

"You are very anxious to get rid of me, but there are two sides to that story. Let me make you more comfortable, and then I will go away and come back again. Don't you think I remember all your care and kindness to me when I was nearly dying. You are not my prisoner; I wish you were, as then I would have you well in no time; in this wretched hole it will be hard for any one to recover. We must only see what can be done."

Cheerily he talked, but Hugh was too weak to answer him. Fergus speedily procured some cooling medicines, which the women in the Irish army knew how to prepare from the herbs of the country.

These he administered to Hugh, who was now almost unconscious.

Nothing daunted Fergus in carrying any of his projects into effect. He was determined to nurse Hugh through the fever, and had overcome all the obstacles of their relative positions fondly: he watched the decrease of the fever in his patient, and the gradual return of his strength. Schonberg soon found that his penetration had not been mistaken, and gave Fergus free admission back and forwards through his camp.

The autumn had now fairly set in, and the troops began to think of winter quarters. Schonberg had resolutely held his own in the face of twenty thousand troops and a multitude of armed banditti who accompanied them. His force was now reduced to about five thousand. It had been a trying time for the General, but throughout all these weeks his firmness had never given way: he had been cheerful, watchful, and good humoured, surrounded by dangers and difficulties which would

have daunted many a younger man. And now, for the present, no more could be done. Winter was fast coming; they must hasten to seek shelter and safety farther from the enemy.

It was a dismal scene in the camp when in preparing for the move the tents and huts were uncovered, and the immense number of sick and wounded were exposed to view. Nor was it an easy task to prepare for their safe transit or to quell the murmurs of discontent which rose on all sides from the weary, worn-out invalids. Some who were to return to England grumbled that they should be exposed to the perils of the sea before they had sufficiently recovered from the perils they had been thrown into on land; and others who were to be sent into the hospitals at Belfast complained loudly that they were kept in the midst of infection for an unnecessary time. The strong hand of the General was never more needed; and, ordering the colonels and brigadiers to attend as corporals and sergeants upon the waggons,

the ships, and the hospitals, he stood, himself, leaning against a bridge, unheeding the cold rain and wind, while the long line of carriages passed with the disabled soldiers to their different destinations. With an encouraging word and kind look he showed the sympathy he felt for their sufferings; while his courteous acknowledgment of their services banished dissatisfaction, and warmed and cheered hearts which the past weeks of discomfort had so painfully saddened.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“Opinion is the rate of things  
From whence our peace doth flow ;  
I have a better fate than kings,  
Because I think it so.”

HUGH was rapidly recovering; and when Mackinnon, who was absent on a foraging expedition, returned to the camp, he found his master under the watchful care of Fergus.

“Mackinnon is anxious to get you home as soon as he can, Hugh,” said Fergus, one day, as he sat by him.

“I never thought I should ever get home,” said Hugh, faintly smiling. “That day you found me here alone I had very little hope I should ever get up from this bed. Nor, indeed, should I have done so but for you, Fergus; you saved my life.”

“And what if I did? I’d like to know what you all did for me before this. If

your cousin Katharine had not been at hand to bind up my head that luckless day, where should I be now? Down among the dead men, I suspect. No, you owe me no thanks; we are quits on that score. When do you think you will be able to travel? Wont they all give you a warm welcome in the old city!"

"You would like to be coming with me, would you? They would welcome you too, I fancy," said Hugh.

"Yes, I am sure they would; but I would only spoil your family gathering; and I have some friends at home who are waiting for me too."

"Friends!" echoed Hugh, who was only thinking of Fergus mother.

"Yes; perhaps you think I don't deserve any?"

"Nonsense, Fergus; I would say that you would have more friends than any one in Ireland."

"Why so?"

"Well, in the first instance, you seem to me to be a singularly unprejudiced man."

"I don't know that. I have my prejudices, I can assure you."

"Ah, you may have; but they don't often come between you and your friends, I would say. Now, you are free and open-hearted with me, your enemy——"

"No, not that," interrupted Fergus. "We are on different sides in a civil war; and, as far as you and I are concerned in it, our differences of opinion may be reduced to an idea."

"I don't quite see how you make that out. You are fighting for one king, I for another."

"Yes, that is true; but, to go deeper into the matter, I believe somewhat in the divinity of a king, you do not; that is the principle that stands between us. Looking at James as a man, I know he is weak; but, as a king, I maintain that that ~~weakness~~ is an additional reason why his subjects should uphold and strengthen him. You cannot deny that he is our lawful and rightful sovereign; he may differ from us in religion, but that is no reason why we should fail in loyalty."

"But in this Quixotic loyalty of yours

you overlook the welfare of the State entirely. This kingship that you worship will not save our country from ruin and disorder. I see this weak, incompetent man breaking down the Constitution of our country, endangering our national safety, and drawing us back into superstition and darkness as regards religion."

"And you would hazard all in the hands of a stranger and a foreigner; you would consent to have the Government put into the power of a Dutchman, and have the country overrun with a host of alien vagabonds. Your policy is a blind, short-sighted one to me; I cannot understand it. You would deliberately sit down and sell the kingdom to this usurper, and you know not what foreign intrigues he may be the tool of."

"William is an honest man, as all his forefathers were, and he is the husband of your boasted king's daughter, which establishes a right for him to the throne, more particularly when he is the man we know him to be."

"We must agree to differ," said Fergus. "This idea or principle that is between us is a stiff one; but it need not make you and me enemies, nor will it, I think. We are Irishmen, and of the same faith; this question of kingship settled, we shall be friends to the end of the chapter."

Hugh smiled grimly. Must he be friends with Katharine's husband? He would have no choice, for Fergus had taken his heart fairly by storm. Thinking over this, he said, after a pause—

"What a lighthearted fellow you are, Fergus."

"And why should I be anything else? I owe no man anything, as we Irish are generally supposed to do; I'm no longer a captive, but a free soldier in a glorious army; and, besides, I have other bright prospects before me."

"That I am sure of," said Hugh; "fortune will always favour you. Your mother must be proud of you for a son."

"And so she is, and I have some one else to think of me now too," said Fergus,

full of happy thought of the pretty, fair face waiting for him with his mother at home. "I must tell you about her some day, Hugh; but you are weary now with all my talk."

"No, not weary; but I was only thinking how different your lot is to mine: everything seems to go well with you. How do you manage?"

"Indeed I can't say. But you may well say I am fortunate. If you could only see her."

Hugh looked up, surprised. "See her!" he repeated.

"Yes; but you will some day. When these disturbances are over you will come and see my mother and Geraldine."

If Hugh had looked surprised before, he looked doubly so now. Fergus saw his astonishment, and said, gaily—

"Why, are you dumbfounded at my audacity?—the idea of asking an *enemy* to come and see one?"

"Oh dear no," said Hugh; "I was not thinking of that at all. But why do you say Geraldine?"

"What else should I say? Did I not mention her name before—Geraldine Ross? Her mother is dead now, poor thing, and she is at home with my mother. My mother is so kind to her, and I am so happy that they suit one another so admirably. Perhaps I never told you all about the whole affair?"

"No; tell me," said Hugh, glad to have a little time to collect his thoughts.

When Fergus had finished his story, Hugh said—"I thought it was all so different."

"How do you mean?" said Fergus, puzzled in his turn.

"I mean, I thought you had another story to tell me: that you cared for another person altogether."

"Who can you mean? What can you have got into your head? I think you are raving still, man."

"No indeed, I am not. Was it so very extraordinary that I should think you cared for my cousin Katharine?"

"Your cousin! You must be dreaming,

Hugh. Why, she knew all about Geraldine, and was so kind to her. I can't think how it was that you never heard about it all. Geraldine and her mother were among the poor creatures driven under the walls of Derry, Mistress Katharine saw her, and knew all. It seems extraordinary that you should have got such fancies into your head. Let me feel your pulse—you have the delusions of the fever still upon you."

"No," said Hugh, almost humbly, "I was only a fool, and blinded by——"

"Never mind what now," said Fergus; "you are exciting yourself, and must remember you are an invalid. Be still and rest yourself; your lot may be as happy as mine, after all."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

“ So she strove against her weakness,  
Though at times her spirit sank ;  
Shaped her heart with woman’s meekness  
To all duties of her rank.”

ALL these weeks’ time had been passing but slowly for Katharine, in the old house at home. Still, as each day passed, with its routine of duties and interests, a growing content crept over her life. The pain was there as fresh as ever, but she began to feel that she would rather have it there than the old sense of blankness which as the fancy-free Katharine of old she had known. It was something to have that warm, true image in her heart; to build her fancies upon, to worship as her hero: yet it was sadder than she could bear sometimes to remember that this, her hero, was but an image, and that those fancies must all be pulled down as soon as built. At

first inclined to be angry with herself that she had been so weak as to let her heart slip away from her so carelessly, she now knew she had had no choice in the matter. She could not choose but love him, whether he loved her or not: he had gained the sovereignty of her heart, and must reign in it for ever. Rumours had continually reached them of the troubles of the English camp: but they had not heard from Hugh, and anxiety made each day seem longer. At last news came that the camp was breaking up for the winter, that many were on their way back to Ulster, and many more would never come back again: they had gone to a more lasting haven of rest. The suspense was hard to bear; and when a letter reached them, in a strange handwriting, their hearts died within them. But almost the first word reassured them—

“ He is safe, and will get home in a few days. He will tell you all his news, and Mackinnon will take care of him on the journey.

“ Yours gratefully, FERGUS.”

It was enough that he was safe, and would be home. They gathered from the note that he had been ill, and their fears were beginning to rise again as the few days slipped by and he was not home yet. The winter evenings had come. Katharine and Aileen sat by the firelight in the old familiar sitting-room. They were silent, each thinking her own thoughts. Aileen had never questioned her sister again; but in the anxiety of the last few weeks Katharine's ill-concealed fears had told a tale she little thought to her watchful sister.

"He might come any day now," said Aileen at last, as if speaking her thoughts aloud; "it is a week to-day since Fergus's letter came."

"Yes," said Katharine, "and he said a few days."

"What a state of anxiety dear Aunt Hester would have been in," Aileen went on. "She was very fond of him."

"Yes; she always said no one else understood him;" and Katharine almost smiled to herself, thinking, "If Aunt

Hester could look into my heart now, she would know somebody else understands him too."

And did she understand him? No, not quite yet.

"Duncan is coming in, I think," said Aileen.

"Yes; I heard the door open."

Aileen bent over the fire to make a blaze to welcome him, and Katharine sat gazing into the bright embers. She started—surely there was some one else beside Duncan. The door opened—there was Duncan, and—yes, behind him, a tall figure, wrapped in a military cloak.

## CHAPTER XL.

“ Strangers yet!  
Will it evermore be thus—  
Spirits still impervious?  
Shall we never fairly stand  
Soul to soul as hand to hand?  
Are the bounds eternal set,  
To retain us strangers yet?”

HOME again at last! Hugh had much to hear and much to tell of the events of the last few months. Still weak, he had been a good deal knocked up by the journey; but he had ready hearts and watchful eyes to tend and cure him now. Too weary to resist the attention which at other times he would have rebelled against, he let his kind friends do what they would for him; and now as he lay in the dusk, looking into the bright fire, he began to think it was pleasant to be waited upon. But, after all, he was not quite

satisfied. Why was it always Aileen who hovered about him, seeing to all his comforts? Katharine was kind too, he could not deny; but it was with a ceremonious stand-off kindness which never brought them any nearer to each other. It was plain she willingly let Aileen do all for him, while she busied herself with other matters in the little household. And she was changed. The merry, lighthearted girl Katharine had given place to a quiet, steadfast woman, caring for others and working for others, with her innermost life and feelings hidden away from all passers-by in the work-a-day world. Hugh was scarcely surprised at this change, for he knew that the troubles of the past year could not have passed over her character and left it untouched. He, too, was changed; he had learned to see more good in others, less good in himself. Life was no longer a mere necessity—a time to be got over as easily as possible; but a work to be worked out to the end, and that end was but a beginning which would never end. Trouble

had softened him, and sometimes it would seem as if it had hardened her. Yet she was not hard ; only, with pardonable pride, she concealed the intensity of her feelings under a cloak of coldness which was foreign to her nature. Hugh was perplexed. He could not bring himself to think she cared for him even as much as in the old days ; and a thought came over him—" Perhaps, after all, Fergus, with his gay, loveable nature, has carried away her heart, and she knows she has given it in vain ;" but he could not trace any conscious look of sorrow or tenderness when she had talked of Fergus and his affairs. He was roused from these thoughts by little Nellie Campbell's voice.

" Captain Hugh," she said, " will you soon be well ? Please tell me."

" Why, my little lassie ? Do you care for me to get well ?"

" Oh yes," she answered quickly ; " because then you will give me a ride on your back, wont you ?—you used to do, you know ; and Katie said you would perhaps, when you were well again."

"Oh you selfish little thing!" said Horace, who was listening.

"I not selfish, Horace. What is selfish, Hugh?—please tell me."

"Thinking only of yourself—of this little Nellie here. Isn't that it, Horace?"

"I don't think only of Nellie; I think sometimes of every one, and very often of Gip, my poor little dog. I wonder when Fergus will come and bring me another Gip? He said he would."

And then, after thinking for a moment, and looking up at Fairfax with her wondering little eyes, she said—

"I not selfish, Captain Hugh; I like you to get well for Katie."

"Why for Katie, Nellie?"

"Because I know she is sad that you are sick; and, when she taught me to say in my prayers for you to come home safe, she cried once."

"Nellie, you shouldn't tell stories about Katie," said Horace, who had a dim idea that the little girl was telling tales out of school.

“Never mind, Horace; she is doing no harm,” said Hugh.

“You will get well, won’t you?” said the child.

“Yes, I hope so, Nellie; and you shall have a ride twenty times round this room when I do.”



## CHAPTER XLI.

“An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.”

AND all this time what of our faithful friend Mackinnon? His affairs were more easily settled than Hugh's: no weary meditations and cross-grained suspicions came to trouble his honest heart.

“Janet,” he said, “I’ve come home safe and sound, after all; an’ did you think of me when I was away all this time, as you said you would?”

“Yes, Pat; many a time I thought of you and Captain Hugh; and the days seemed long till you came.”

“An’ I thought of you, Janet, out in that cold camp; an’ I thought to myself I canna do without her, an’ if she canna be fashed with me for good an’ all, I’ll just go away into the wide world, an’ never come

back to the old place again. Janet, must I go away, an' never come back again?"

"No, Pat," she answered simply; "I don't deserve it, but I'd like you to stay now."

And so Pat was made happy, and Janet never regretted that she had bid him stay at home in the pleasant old city. The lonely widow Mrs. M'Elroy found a kindly home in their house for the remainder of her days; and Pat, for Sandy's sake, was as a son to her.

A time of peace and rest now came to our friends in Derry, as a respite to them from the trouble they had gone through for so long. It was a time of sad recollections, it was true, of those who had left their home circle never to join it again; but still, in comparing their lot with others, they felt they had cause for great thankfulness and contentment; so the short winter days passed happily and quickly in the old home of the Fairfaxes.

In the pleasant homely room they sat one evening, and with an honoured guest

among their number, for Dr. Walker in one of his hurried journeys had come to see how his old friends fared in Derry. His visit to London had been a great gratification to him, and to all who knew him, for his reception was as full of enthusiasm and honour as they could have desired. Feasted in splendour by the London Companies, gazed at and caressed by the crowds who flocked to see him, and offered by both Universities the degree of Doctor of Divinity, George Walker, the plain country parson, ran the risk of losing his head.

“So we have met again within the stout old walls, Fairfax,” said he. “The last time you and I were together was in that dreary camp. Were you ever in so dismal a place?”

“No, I don’t think I ever was, and hope I never shall be again. We were well out of it before the winter.”

“The troops are pretty well dispersed now, I suppose?” said Duncan.

“Yes,” replied Walker; “when I saw the Duke last he was intent on getting all

his troops into quarters somewhere or other in Ulster."

"They will not have an idle time of it either, I should think," said Hugh. "The Duke will not be himself if he has not them in better training by the spring."

"And so he will. He is bent on carrying the day with a pretty high hand when the next campaign opens," said Walker.

"His men will be better used to the country, and, it is to be hoped, better soldiers by that time," said Hugh. "No wonder the Duke was horrified with their appearance; but if there's a man in the world who is capable of getting an army into order, he is undoubtedly the man."

"Yes; and William was wise to select him for the work in this country. He is so courteous, so forbearing, he will win many a man to stand by him to the death," said Walker.

"I would say William is pretty wise in all his appointments," said Duncan.

"He is singularly temperate in his judg-

ment and far-seeing in all his projects," said Walker.

"That reminds me, Dr. Walker," said Katharine, "you never told us much of your first visit to London after the siege. How did the King receive you?"

"Most graciously, Mistress Katharine. I had the honour of waiting upon him at Hampton Court, and, as you perhaps have heard, I was presented by him with an order for five thousand pounds."

"Oh yes; but what did he say?"

"As well as I remember, he said I was not to think he offered the money in payment for my services, for that he considered my claims upon him to be in no way diminished. You have heard also, I dare say, of my success in obtaining from the House of Commons the promise of help in money for the poor sufferers in our city?"

"Yes; and we heard at the same time of gracious words acknowledging publicly our fidelity and valour in the struggle. But did the King say much to you himself about the siege?"

"He is not a great talker, Mistress Katharine; and he says very little when a thing is done."

"But was he satisfied?"

"He was not a little surprised, I think, at the duration of the siege and the obstinacy of both parties; and his principal idea seemed to be that there could have been but little real soldiery on either side."

"And did you tell him how it all was—no proper soldiers, no means of defence?" said Duncan.

"I did; and he acknowledged that we had done great things, and expressed a wish to see the city for himself at some future time."

"Will he be likely to join the army here himself in spring?"

"Yes; he seems to have every intention of doing so. It will be a momentous year for Ireland, I expect," said Walker. "Did you ever hear more of that young Irishman you had prisoner here?" he asked after a pause.

“Oh yes, indeed, I should say so,” replied Hugh. “Only for him you would be one less sitting round the fire now, if I am not mistaken.” And then he told of how Fergus had made him out and nursed him. “I got a letter from him to-day, too,” he said. “Aileen, will you read it?”

“Dear Hugh,” it began, “I am safe at home, as I hope you are too, by this time. I am anxious to get a bulletin of your health, and to hear how you found all the friends in Derry. I got a warm-welcome, as you will guess, from *my* two friends at home. My mother is well, and Geraldine has recovered her looks and cheerfulness wonderfully. She desires kind love to Mistress Katharine, whom she calls her benefactor, said benefit conferred being, I understand, her tender care of a certain brave Captain Fergus Fitzgerald in some days gone by, but not forgotten. This same brave Captain, having escaped imprisonment and death in various forms, is, I believe, about to put an end to his individuality by entering into that fatal state

called holy matrimony; and, probably, by the time you are reading this he will no more exist as you knew him, the reckless, rollicking Irishman; but doubled cares and doubled troubles will be weighing down his devoted head. And now farewell for the present, with kind remembrances to all friends within the walls; and praying that your lot may be as bright as mine, I remain yours, as ever—FERGUS.”

Attentively Hugh watched Katharine's face as the letter was read, and he could not deny the fact to himself that the expression he saw there was one of unmixed pleasure and interest. “May I not set that idea at rest now?” he asked himself, as he listened with relief to the unconcerned tone of her voice, as she said—

“Well, I am glad at any rate that nothing has come to prevent that marriage; they were both so attached to each other, and she is so pretty, so attractive.”

“Fergus was so annoyed to find I knew nothing of the affair,” said Hugh.

“And did you not know Geraldine was under the walls?” asked Katharine.

“I didn’t know there was such a person in the world as Geraldine; the whole business was a surprise to me.”

“I can’t understand how you escaped hearing about her,” said Katharine. “But now I remember,” she added, “one day after I had been talking to Geraldine over the wall I met you, and I was going to tell you of her trouble—it was the day the gallows were put up—but you were called away by some one; then I suppose I forgot it—there was so much to think of at that time.”

“Yes,” said Aileen, “and you know we could not speak of it before Fergus.”

With a lighter heart Hugh went to bed that night. One of his suspicions was cleared up at any rate.

## CHAPTER XLII.

“Indeed I love thee! come,  
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one.  
Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself  
Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me.”

“I AM getting so strong now, Aileen,” said Hugh, one day, “I must soon think of going to see after my own lonely home. I shall find everything in rack and ruin at Dunallagh, I suspect.”

“You must not think of going for a long time yet,” she answered. “You are not half strong enough; wait till the spring opens.”

“The spring will bring other work with it, I expect; and I must not wear out my welcome here.”

“Hugh, I am really offended. You know this house to be your home just as much as ever. How can you talk of your welcome wearing out?”

"You are far too kind to me, and I assure you I dread to think of going to that dreary old house. When I do go I think I shall take Horace with me for company."

"He would be delighted, I am sure. It is a pity of those poor children; no one seems willing to do anything for them."

"Horace may soon do for himself. Kirk promises to secure a commission in the navy for him in the spring—he will be nearly old enough by that time—and then Katharine seems devoted to the little girls."

"Yes; she would like to keep them, and they make us all merry. We would be sorry to see them go."

"Don't you think Katharine is very much changed, Aileen?"

"We are all changed, more or less, I think; and Katharine felt my father's death very much."

"Yes, she loved him so much. Aileen, had you any idea that he thought Katharine and I would ever be more to each other than we are?"

“He often spoke of it to me, wishing that it might be so.”

“Did you ever think it would?”

“I did not know at all; neither of you ever confided in me. I would only say with him that I would like it.”

“And would you really like it, Aileen? Do you really think I am half good enough for Katie?”

“Hugh, I would not like to trust her to any one else, and you know what Katie is to me.”

“Aileen, is there any chance for me, do you think?” he said, earnestly. “I cannot think she cares for me more than she did in our childish days: at one time I know she could not bear the idea at all.”

“I cannot say, indeed, Hugh; Katie is too proud to tell even me about anything of this sort. I would be afraid to encourage you, even by a word.”

“It cannot go on much longer,” he said; “I must speak to her myself, and she scarcely ever comes near me now: indeed I know she avoids me. I must only have

patience a little longer still, and hope for something to bring it about in good time."

An opportunity came before long. It was Sunday. The others were all at evening service, and Katharine and Hugh found themselves alone, one at each side of the fire.

"Don't light the candles, Katharine," he said; "this firelight is so pleasant. We have not had a single argument since I came home, Katie. How is that?"

"We have grown wiser, I suppose," she said.

"I can't lay claim to that reason, I am afraid; and I have seen the words on your lips, Katie, ready to answer me with one of your old retorts; but you turn away and never say them. Katie, what is it? You will not talk to me as you used to do."

"I don't know," she answered, hastily. "You have had so much to tell us that I have had plenty to do listening; and, as I said before, I am wiser at any rate. I used to talk a great deal of nonsense, and what good end did it serve?"

"It was pleasant nonsense, I think," he said, "and amused us; and I do not believe anything that amuses one—innocently, of course—is of no use."

"No; but I doubt if the same thing would amuse us now."

"Perhaps not; but it is good to talk. Now, for the sake of arguing, tell me what is your idea of a coward. Which is the bravest—a man or a woman?"

"There is no comparison, I should say."

"Why? Do you think a man so immeasurably superior?" said he, smiling.

"No, not exactly; but men and women have entirely different degrees of courage: they cannot be compared."

"What is the difference?"

"Men are, or ought to be, physically brave: women are generally brave in a moral sense."

"Even men cannot be always outwardly brave: they are physically weak and as great cowards as women sometimes."

"Of course, the exception proves the rule, and women sometimes change places

with men, and are as brave, bodily, as any man; but it is not natural, yet I think it is natural for a woman to have a brave mind."

"But do they not act upon one another? If the will is courageous and strong, does it not act upon the body?"

"It ought, I suppose; but I think they are generally called upon to act separately. A man goes out to fight, never dreaming of fear; while the same man may not have the moral courage to govern his own will at home: to abstain from anything because it is wrong, or to endure patiently any denial to his inclination because it is right to do so."

"And women will do this, you think?"

"I don't say they always do it; but they generally have more courage to endure and to carry out a principle, merely because it is right, than men; but then, perhaps, that is because they are more called upon to do it. Men have to fight their battles abroad; women at home."

"And which is the hardest to maintain, do you think?"

"The courage women have, unquestionably. You men are carried on by circumstances; by applause and companionship: we have to fight our battles all to ourselves, silently and unapplauded."

"And have men never battles like this to fight?"

"Yes, I am sure they have; but they generally contrive to let the whole world know they have such a battle on hands."

"That is bitter, Katharine; you can be so still, I see. But suppose that a man allows he is a coward—a moral coward, I mean—would you despise him as you would a physical coward?"

"I think a man ought to be brave about everything."

"Katharine, you may despise me, then; for I must acknowledge that I am a coward."

"You a coward!" and her tone showed how improbable she thought it to be.

"Yes, I am a coward; and it is you I am afraid of, Katharine."

"Afraid of me!"

“ Yes. I know that it is in your power, by one little word, to make me very happy or very miserable ; and I am afraid to ask for that word. Katharine, which is it to be?—you know what I would ask.”

She did not answer, and he went on—

“ Katharine, your father gave me your hand once, and joined our names together; will you give me your hand now, of your own free will?”

Without a word she put the hand he asked into his; and in the warm firelight their eyes met and told the tale of that perfect love which casteth out fear for ever.

And thus it came to pass that the old man's wishes were fulfilled: Hugh and Katharine understood each other at last.

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# ISMA O'NEIL.

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## CHAPTER I.

“Keep me company but two years  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.”  
—SHAKSPEARE.

IT was the summer of 1691. A detachment of William of Orange's army in Ireland lay encamped near Ballyshannon. In a rude tent the officer in chief command sat, studying with anxious care despatches lately received : his officers had left him after learning the orders conveyed in them, and arranging with him the steps necessary to be taken. Colonel Mitchelburne was a trusted and experienced soldier in those days. As Governor of Londonderry during the darkest days of its siege he had shown a resolution and energy which were the human instrumentality of saving not only the town itself, but the Protestant power in the

North of Ireland. He was now a grey-haired, grave-looking man; the hand of sorrow had fallen heavily upon him. The honour and glory he had gained could not give him back the wife and children he had lost in the terrible pestilence which had raged during the siege. He had no one to fight for now but his King and his country, and for them he would fight undaunted to the end. He was at present in command of a regiment of the King's army and a considerable body of militia, and his orders were to ascertain the position in which the town of Sligo stood, and, if advisable, to take immediate means to reduce it. Sligo was at this time in possession of the Irish, and under the command of a gallant officer, Sir Teague O'Regan, who, instead of deserting the town, as had been rumoured, was resolute on his side to stand by his colours to the last. Colonel Mitchelburne was not long left in peace to pursue his studies. The weather hot and sultry, the tent-door was folded back to admit the evening air. A figure stopped in the open-

ing, and the Colonel, without raising his eyes, asked in his quiet grave tones—

“Is that you, Drummer?”

He did not see the ceremonious bow the figure made while it returned answer in a pompous tone, which would have seemed the grossest conceit were it not for the droll expression that played on the plain features of the man.

“Will Cunningham, drummer in your honourable service; I stand to await your commands, Colonel.”

“You have been recommended to me as a trustworthy person to carry despatches, and it is to speak on this subject I have sent for you, Will.”

“You honour me, sir, but I am not an unworthy object for that honour. Man and boy, sir, I have served in this regiment sixteen years and nine days, and before my worthy self—I beg your pardon, Colonel, I should say unworthy self—my late respected father beat the drum at your honour’s command, and right well, sir, I hear tell he did beat it, for his arms were stout

and strong, sir, a peculiarity I have had the honour to inherit—leastways, sir, before the supply of beef ran short. But I fear, Colonel, the sinews will be apt to shrink now like an empty bellows; though I can assure you, sir, I do all in my humble power to avoid the lamentable catastrophe by filling the bellows—the sinews I mean, sir—with every available commodity; but Colonel——”

“That will do, Will, for the present,” said the Colonel, who had gone on unconcernedly with his writing, as if accustomed to the harangue; “we must come to the point now. A little wholesome exercise may be good for the sinews, and you will have an opportunity of change of fare among the citizens of Sligo.”

“Sligo, your worshipful honour! And is it to that God-forsaken place you would send your humble servant? Mark my words, sir, they’re an ill lot, every mother’s son of them, not forgetting the crookbacked old rogue who calls himself Sir Teague. Forsooth——”

“Silence on that head, if you please, Drummer. Sir Teague, to whom I am about to send you, is an honourable gentleman, and as a personal friend of mine I desire that his name shall not be mentioned in uncourteous language.”

“Your pardon, Colonel; I am a man born and bred myself in a courteous family. My father, sir, was that polite and genteel that he'd never hurt the feelings of any man for the want of a lie ; but my mother taught me the Bible, sir, that she did, and I learn in that, your honour, that pearls—which I take to be in this case good words, you know, Colonel—should not be cast before swine.”

“Look ye, Will, you must be more wary of your language, or it may go hard with you on the enemy's ground ; or Teague O'Regan is not the man I take him for. Take my advice, man, and keep your tongue quiet and your eyes open. I will expect an accurate account from you of the position of the enemy, and, as far as you can judge, some idea of their intentions. These

letters you will deliver into the hands of Sir Teague himself, and I will look for your return this time to-morrow evening ; so let it be your business to see the first glimpse of dawn rising over the walls of Sligo. No more now," he continued, as he saw the voluble Will preparing to answer. "Be-gone; you have got your instruction; no time must be lost."

"The man may be honest," he meditated to himself, when left alone again, "but the length of his tongue is a decided objection, to my mind. However, they say he is trustworthy."



## CHAPTER II.

“Embassador of peace, if peace you choose,  
Or herald of a war, if you refuse.”—DRYDEN.

THE morning mists were clearing away from around the picturesque town of Sligo, and the tops of the high mountains were appearing beyond the richly wooded plain which surrounds the town. Early as the hour was groups of men might be seen about the outposts, some busily employed throwing up earthworks, while others watched and directed their labours. It would seem that the inhabitants of Sligo had no intention of deserting or surrendering their town at present. An exclamation from some of the watchers arrested the attention of all, and they paused to observe a horseman riding rapidly towards the town.

“Yonder is no friend, I wot,” was pronounced with decision.

"He comes single-handed at any rate," was the answer.

"A spy, I doubt not," said another; "there is no work too mean for those militia lads."

"He must speak for himself now, however. He has ridden fast, it appears, and his horse is no bad cut of a beast. Here, you fine fellow, give your errand and your standard."

By this time the horseman—who was dressed in a full-skirted coat of coarse blue cloth with cuffs and lappets of crimson, breeches and gaiters of light grey frieze, the latter strapped above his knees—had halted to observe his challengers. After a moment's hesitation he unslung a drum which he carried at his back, and having beat a parley with a bold firm stroke, he replied, "My errand is not with the likes of you, though I marvel if your betters can boast much better manners; and as for my standard, you will doubtless see it soon enough above your heads, when your own, like the rascally old serpent, is doomed

to eat the dust of the earth. Let me pass, good people, in the meantime," continued Drummer Will, for he it was, in a more conciliatory tone, as he saw the scowling looks of the townsmen and remembered his Colonel's warning. "I mean no ill to ye; in war one standard must be up and the other down. Let me pass, again I say. I come from yonder camp at Ballyshannon, commanded over by a worshipful and brave gentleman, no other than Colonel John Mitchelburne, late governor of the honourable city of Londonderry, and governor in expectation of this paltry town before us."

"No insolence, if you please; the odds are great, remember. We have some comfortable dark holes enough in our paltry city, and chains into the bargain, to restrain legs, if they can't bind glib tongues."

"How now, good master, you are rough. I would teach you a different tune were I in any other part of his Majesty's dominions. Will Cunningham, drummer in his Majesty's regiment under command of his Excellency Colonel Mitchelburne, is of a

somewhat different cast of mortality from any papistical dog that sees the daylight in this town. Once more I say give way. I would see him who has climbed to the highest step on the ladder of rebelly pride amongst you."

"You speak with an ill tongue," retorted a townsman; "Sir Teague O'Regan can boast of better blood than any of your new-made English lordships. Our governor can hold his own with any gentleman under yonder blazing sun. You pass not these walls, I tell you, till you mend your manners, fine sir." Will, sorely tempted to defend the propriety of his manners, checked himself, and reminded by the increasing heat of the sun that the day was wearing on and his mission unaccomplished, now produced his despatches to prove his errand, and, having gained admission, before long he found himself in the presence of Sir Teague. That gentleman sat over the remains of his breakfast, which was, perhaps, rather more scanty than he could have wished. He was a tall man, slightly crooked, the remains of

a wound, it was said, which he had received in his early days. His face was scarred and seamed by hard usage, but his still well-covered grey head was held erect, with the defiant air of a man who could command and exact obedience. He was a good soldier, but at the same time he was too sensible of his own inestimable worth ever to expose himself to unnecessary dangers, and he was careful to hold himself above all criticism by a military superiority of tone.

"I understand," he said, addressing Will, "that I have the privilege of receiving a message from my honoured and esteemed friend Colonel Mitchelburne?"

"You have that honour, sir," said the unabashed Will. "My master, sir, Colonel Mitchelburne, is not ashamed to own the friendship of even the lowest of his followers."

"What do you mean, man? Is the fellow mad?" he said, turning to his attendant.

"He is mighty free with his tongue, sir. What do you mean?" the servant went on, half thrusting Will back.

"Truly the evildoers are high-minded in these days," was Will's muttered answer; "but one must cut his coat according to his cloth, or, as it is in this instance, his words according to his whereabouts."

Sir Teague rose, indignant with the altercation. "Fellow!" he said, "Colonel Mitchellburne is a soldier and a gentleman, and I call it in question if he has so insulted a fellow soldier, not to mention our personal friendship in bygone days, by allowing a communication to be delivered with the insolence you manifest; explain yourself, sir, or, by St. Patrick, you shall suffer for it."

"Not so hard, sir, if you please. Heaven knows I consider it an unlucky day when I heard tell from my honourable Colonel that he saw fit to send me on a visit to you, sir. For, believe me, sir, I too am a soldier, serving man and boy sixteen years nine days. Ah! it was nine yesterday; well, it must be ten days this blessed sunrise. Thus, sir, being, as I said, myself a soldier, I understand what's what, you see, Sir Teague."

"I see, fellow," said Sir Teague, "that

you have yet to learn the first lessons in a soldier's education, due respect to those who by Almighty Providence are placed in an exalted position of superiority, and a modesty of demeanour suitable to one of your rank."

"As Drum in the gallant regiment commanded by Colonel Mitchelburne I stand before you this day, Sir Teague; and, bearing the aforesaid Colonel's despatches, I believe I am in no mean position; leastways that honourable gentleman saw fit to select me for the carrying out of his designs."

"His designs, sir! May I inquire your meaning? What are the designs of Colonel Mitchelburne?"

"Forsooth, Sir Teague, nothing more nor less than to step into your shoes; to take upon himself the governorship of this town, which, considering the out-of-the-way, back-side of the desert locality of the place, is to me a most unheard-of proceeding; but——"

"Peace, fellow!" thundered Sir Teague. "Has it escaped your memory in whose presence you stand? I, Sir Teague O'Regan,

the last of the noble house of O'Regan, am I to be jabbered at and insulted by a low ignorant creature like yourself? Take him to the main-guard."

"Colonel Mitchelburne's orders must not be forgotten in the meantime, Sir Teague," said Will, half-frightened at the anger he had raised. "Here are his despatches, sir, to which I am to bring immediate answers."

"That is my concern, young man. It is the privilege of one man to write, and of another to answer that writing as may best suit his convenience and disposition. For my part I credit neither your manner or appearance as one whom a gentleman, as I know Colonel Mitchelburne to be, would intrust with a message to an O'Regan in the position of Governor of Sligo and commander of the forces of this town."

Glancing over the contents of his despatches, and somewhat conciliated by the courteous wording of the Colonel's letter, Sir Teague dismissed the drummer for the present without further parley.

### CHAPTER III.

“My only strength and stay ! forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?”—MILTON.

“ISMA, my poor child, what is to become of you now ?”

“You will take care of me, wont you ? He said you would !” and the young girl’s eyes filled with tears, as she looked up trustingly to the tall strong man beside her.

“The last thing my father said last night when I bade him farewell for ever was, ‘God will take care of you : trust in Colonel Scott when I am gone ; he is your friend, your only friend in the town.’ And you will not forsake me now ! oh, you will not !”

“Forsake you, Isma ! No, that is impossible. But how can I take proper care of you ? You a young delicate girl, I a soldier in hard times, with no home fit for you.

And even had I a home you could not come to live with me."

He looked down with pitying eyes on the fair young face before him, so childlike in its confidence in him.

"Oh, Isma, there is so much to separate us. You so young and a Protestant—I almost old enough to be your father and of a different creed. It is hard, hard; why were you ever thrown in my way?" Then checking himself he said, "I am talking nonsense, little Isma; we must think of what can be done for your present safety."

"You wont send me away from you out of the town? I have no friend but you!"

"Your mother's relations, where are they?"

"Oh! I don't know; they are hard and cold, I cannot go to them! They are English; I am Irish like my father, like you."

Once more the stern soldier's eye softened, as he said, gently—

"Trust me, Isma. I must leave you

now, but I will come back before evening for you: you cannot stay here."

With a quick, determined step he strode along the narrow, crooked streets, and thought, yes, he thought of Isma—the lonely sad little figure, so desolate, so friendless. Not friendless; no, she should not be that while he could serve her. Her father, Captain O'Neil, had been his friend and fellow-soldier, a loyal steadfast man in the Jacobite interest. He had died suddenly at the last, of a wound received in the course of the late struggle. His wife, a Protestant, was long dead, and Isma, his little Protestant daughter, was left alone.

Every one called her "little Isma;" she was so slight and girlish-looking, almost childish in her appearance, though she was at this time nearly eighteen. Colonel Scott's mind was speedily made up as he walked rapidly along. He would seek out a cousin of his own, an elderly maiden lady, and leave Isma in her care till—ay, till he could claim her for his own. Why should he allow the difficulties, which at times

seemed almost insurmountable, to stand in his way? He was her only friend, she had said so; she trusted him, and him alone: who should interfere between them? True he was greatly her senior; but then he was better able to protect her than any young, half-fledged boy. She was a Protestant, while he had never wavered from the faith of his fathers. What of that? Perhaps he might influence her to think with him. No, Isma, young as she was, was steadfast, and he knew it and would not like her to be otherwise. But they could agree to differ: others did it every day. Thus he mused till stopped by a messenger, who told him Sir Teague desired to speak with him. Colonel Scott was associated with Sir Teague O'Regan at this time in the command of Sligo, but, naturally of a more reserved, unobtrusive nature, he held himself more in the background than his worthy colleague, who wore his dignities with so proud an air.

“A Drum from the enemy’s camp, Colonel, bearing letters for you, and a communi-

cation to myself from my old friend, Colonel Mitchelburne, who, it gives me satisfaction to know, is in command of the Williamites at Ballyshannon. Colonel Mitchelburne is a gentleman of high honour, so much so that, coming in contact with him some years ago in a foreign campaign, I found him in this particular to be so akin to myself that I lost no opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance, which the lapse of years has not obliterated. I am not a man, Colonel, you are doubtless aware, to forget the good qualities I may be fortunate enough to discover by that keen appreciation of worth which is one of my most marked characteristics. You will see by this courteous letter from Colonel Mitchelburne that he likewise has that estimable advantage of a retentive memory. Here is his letter."

Colonel Scott read as follows:—

"SIR,—'Tis no small satisfaction to me to know that my old acquaintance, Sir Teague O'Regan, the happiness of whose

company I have so often enjoyed in the French campaigns, should be in a garrison so near to me ; as also Colonel Scott. I have sent you a packet of letters by my Drum from the prisoners in Londonderry, one whereof is to Colonel Scott from his brother, to whom I have been civil on the Colonel's account, which he does kindly acknowledge. My service to Colonel Scott.

“I am, sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“JOHN MITCHELBURNE.”

“Well, Colonel, what think you of that?” said Sir Teague, who, not unlike our friend the drummer, was fond of the sound of his own voice.

“It is the letter of a gentleman, Sir Teague, there is no doubt about that : otherwise there is no matter of importance in it, except for these,” he said, looking at the small parcel of unread letters in his hand. “Poor Conn, it is long since I saw the boy's handwriting.”

“Ay, your brother, yes, he gave pro-

mise of a fine soldier; lacked discipline, firm military training, if I remember rightly. You see, Colonel, as an old soldier I am critical. The soldiers of the present day are not what soldiers used to be, the stern severity of years of training suits not them. No, Colonel, it is a deplorable fact which strikes a man of more penetration than ordinary, like myself, this want of iron discipline in our ranks. It must be in the blood, Colonel, incorporated into the constitution by long generations brought up and bred on no other fare. The O'Regans were from the earliest ages soldiers—ay, sir, soldiers from their cradles—is it any wonder, then, I ask you, sir, that I, the last of that noble family, should be what I am, a soldier and a critic in that noble art?”

“Your admirable qualities in these matters are indisputable, Sir Teague, as I have often had the honour to remark before,” said the Colonel, with a curl on his lip which Sir Teague knew nothing about. “But these despatches must be answered; doubt-

less you will reply to Colonel Mitchelburne, and I also will write. My brother must join us; it is impossible that they can keep him longer when we are willing to offer an ample exchange."

"I will mention it to the Colonel, but we must be cautious. Caution and foresight are the most indispensable qualities in a soldier's character."

"Yes, yes, Sir Teague, no doubt, but in the present instance I do not see the connexion. There can be no danger in my negotiating for the release of my brother, surely?"

"You are too hasty, Colonel. One cannot be too deliberate in their judgments. My reasons for caution do not refer to the exchange of the prisoners, but I am doubtful on another head. The messenger who conveyed these dispatches has given me reason almost to doubt their authenticity. His insolence and ill-manners were such as to give me grounds for questioning whether a gentleman of Colonel Mitchelburne's standing could permit a fellow with so free

a tongue to continue in his service, much less to send him to a person of my position."

"I had not heard of this before, but I can hardly doubt the authenticity of the dispatch."

"It bears marks of true metal no doubt, and my place is carefully to watch the fellow's further movements, for a day or two at least, and then it will be time enough to form our judgment accordingly. You see, Colonel, I carry out my maxim of never propounding a theory without a just and proper reason."

"All right, Sir Teague, I will be glad of a reasonable time to read and answer these letters, so for the present I have the honour of wishing you good-day."

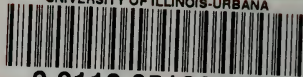
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